

PATSY WALKER

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COMICS

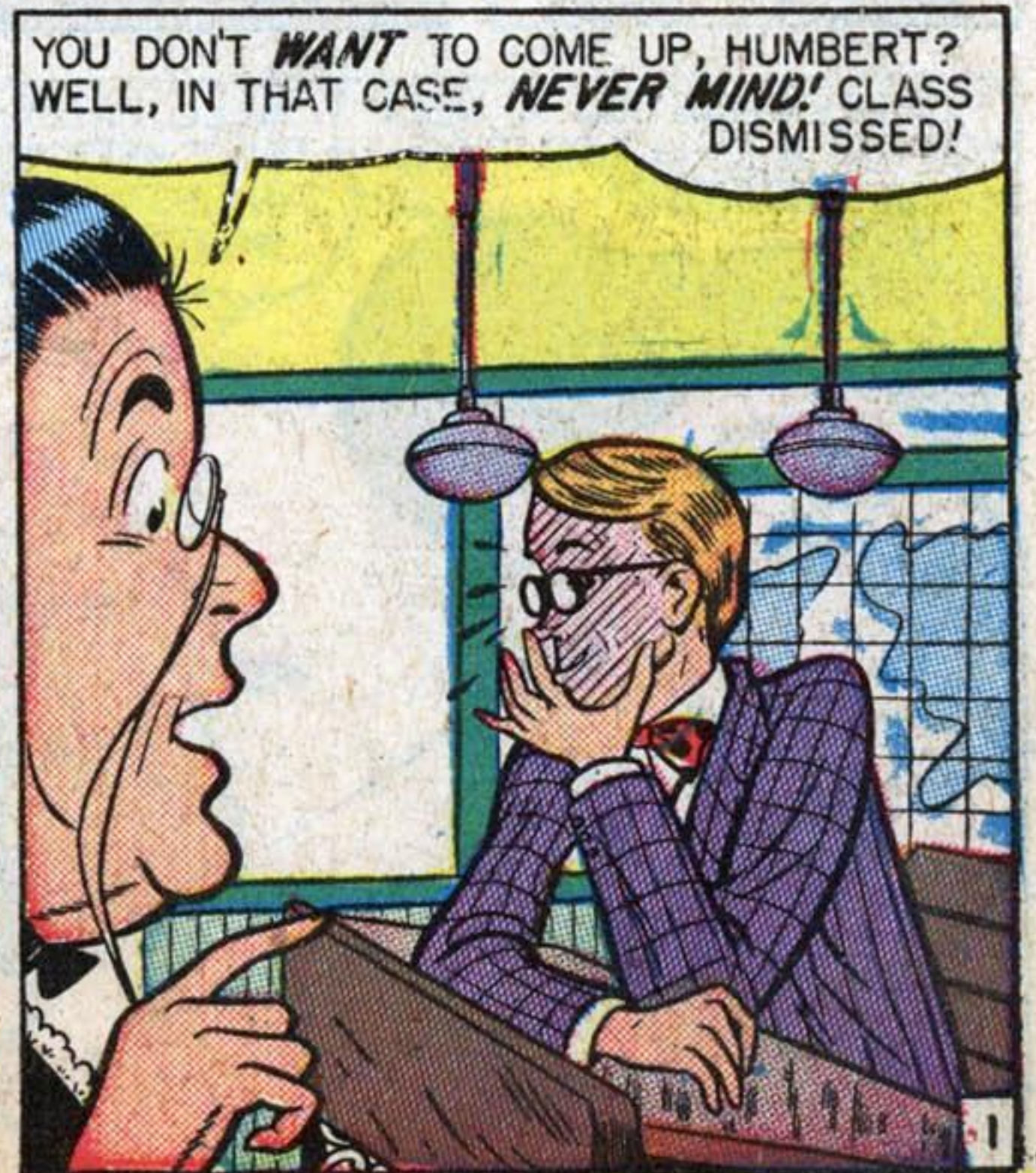
NOV.
NO. 19

STOP COMPLAINING,
BUZZ! YOU KNOW
HOW THE SUN HURTS
YOUR EYES!

YES, BUT WHY CAN'T I
JUST WEAR *SUNGLASSES*
LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?



PATSY WALKER





OH, ISN'T THAT HUMBERT **WONDERFUL?** IMAGINE WINNING THE STATE WRITING CONTEST! AND SO MODEST HE WOULDN'T STAND UP!

WONDERFUL? HE'S JUST A **GOON!** HE DOESN'T GO OUT FOR THE TEAM OR ANYTHING! AND THAT'S NOT MODESTY! HE'S SO SHY, HE'S SCARED TO LOOK AT HIMSELF IN THE **MIRROR!**



LISTEN, BUZZ BAXTER! THERE ARE SOME THINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN **ATHLETICS!** AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I'D JUST LOVE TO MEET HIM!

SO SHE'D JUST LOVE TO MEET HIM! WELL, THEN I'LL JUST SEE THAT SHE **DOES!** MAYBE THEY'LL GET ALONG SO WELL, SHE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT BUZZ, AND I'LL HAVE A CLEAR FIELD!

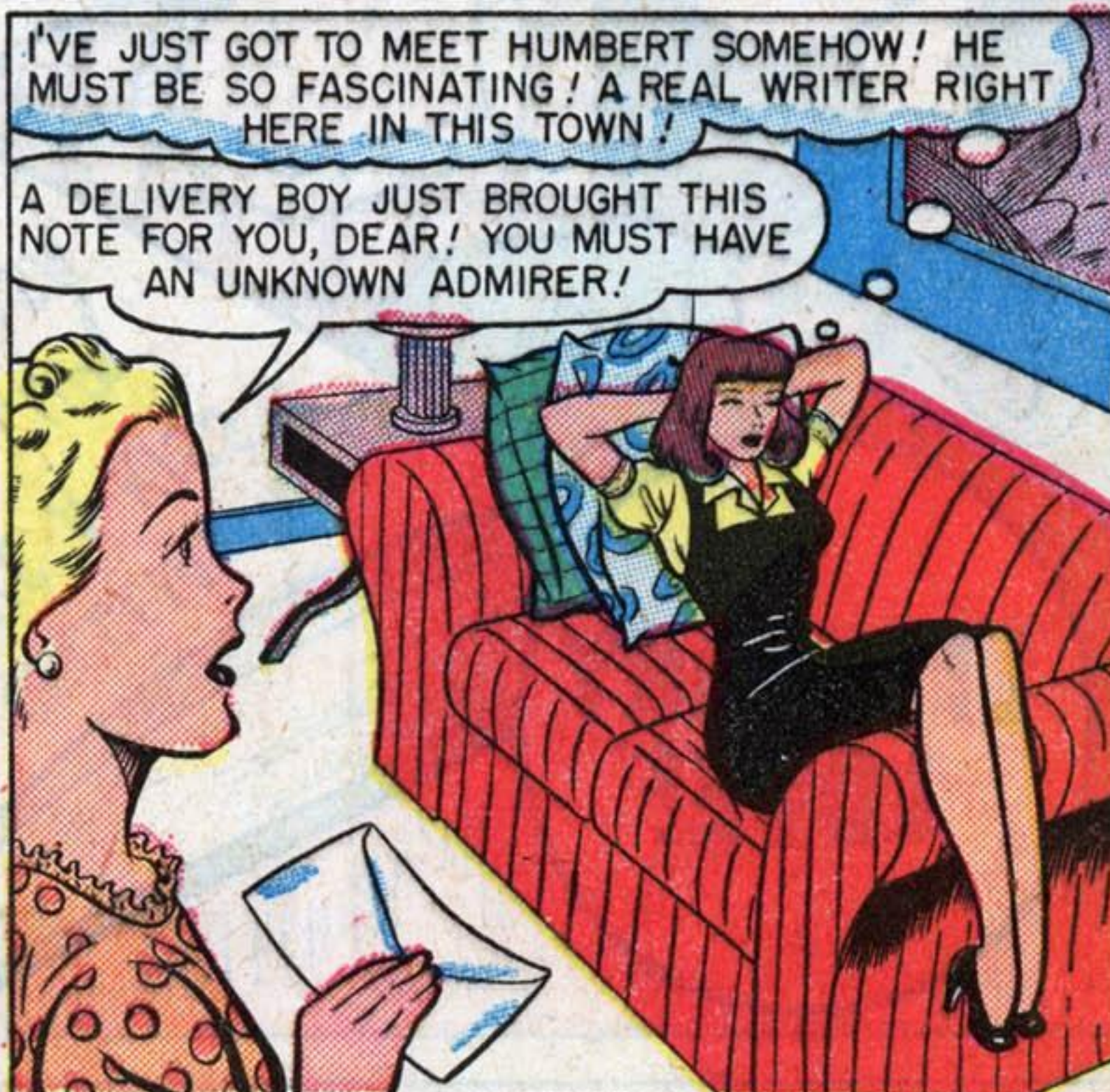


"...SO PLEASE COME TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TONIGHT AT EIGHT! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME! HUMBERT!" THAT'LL DO IT!



165 OAK STREET? YES, MA'AM!

I **KNOW** IT'LL WORK! HUMBERT GOES TO THE LIBRARY **EVERY NIGHT!**



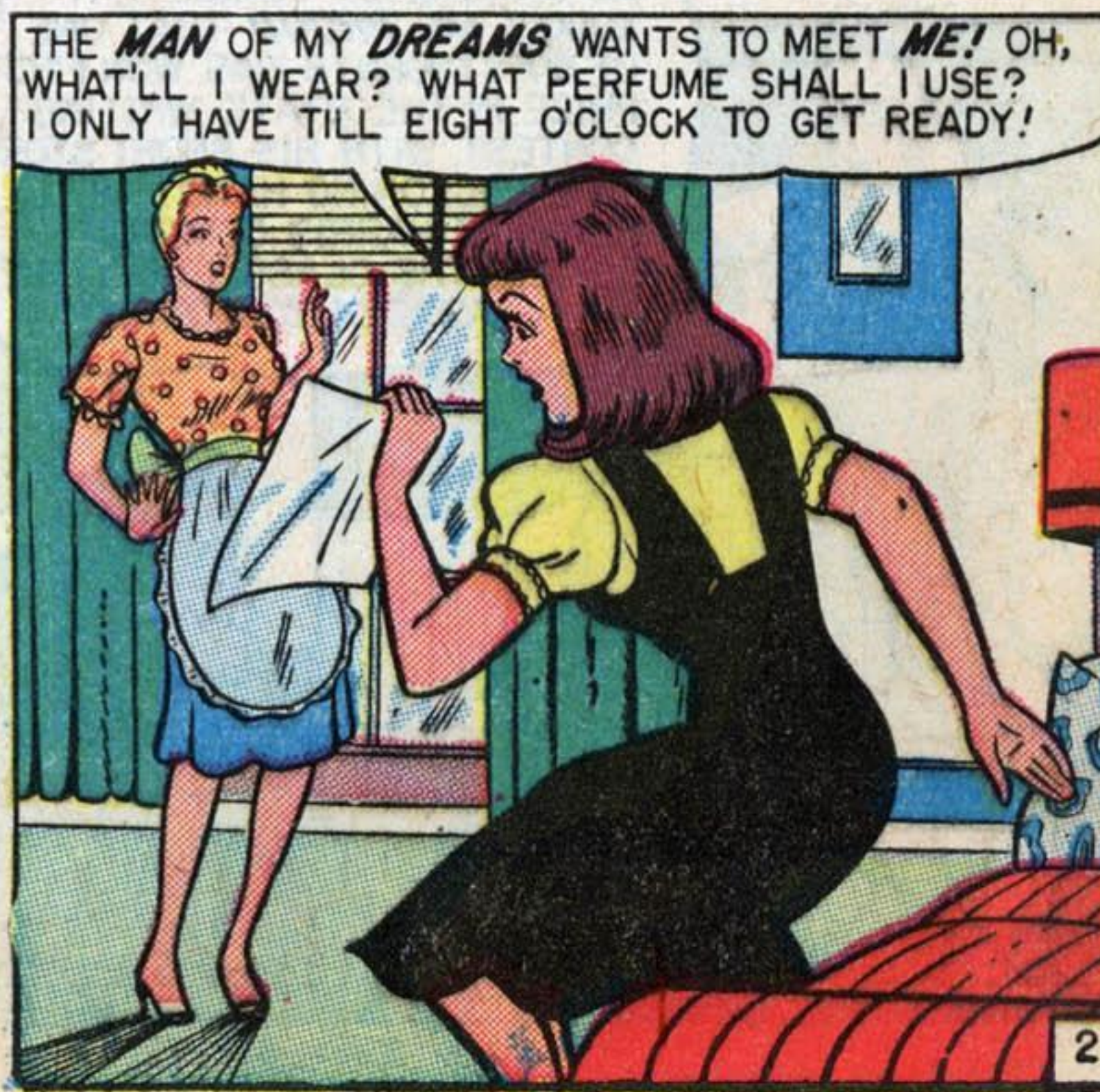
I'VE JUST GOT TO MEET HUMBERT SOMEHOW! HE MUST BE SO FASCINATING! A REAL WRITER RIGHT HERE IN THIS TOWN!

A DELIVERY BOY JUST BROUGHT THIS NOTE FOR YOU, DEAR! YOU MUST HAVE AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER!



"I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME!" OH, **MOTHER!**

WELL, PATSY, DON'T KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE! WHAT IS IT?



THE **MAN** OF MY **DREAMS** WANTS TO MEET **ME!** OH, WHAT'LL I WEAR? WHAT PERFUME SHALL I USE? I ONLY HAVE TILL EIGHT O'CLOCK TO GET READY!

FATE IS BRINGING US TOGETHER, I CAN TELL! INSIDE THAT LIBRARY, MY DESTINY AWAITS!



AND SO, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, PATSY HEADS FOR THE LIBRARY--AND ADVENTURE!

HERE I AM, HUMBERT!

"HUH?"



LET'S NOT STAY IN THIS STUFFY OLD LIBRARY, HUM! COME ON DOWN TO THE SUGAR BOWL AND LET'S *DANCE!* YOU *CAN* DANCE, CAN'T YOU?



DANCE? I--NO, I... REALLY, MISS-- WHOEVER YOU ARE-- MY TASTES ARE MORE *LITERARY* AND *INTELLECTUAL!*

WHOEVER I AM? YOU GOT MY NAME RIGHT WHEN YOU WROTE ME THAT LETTER!



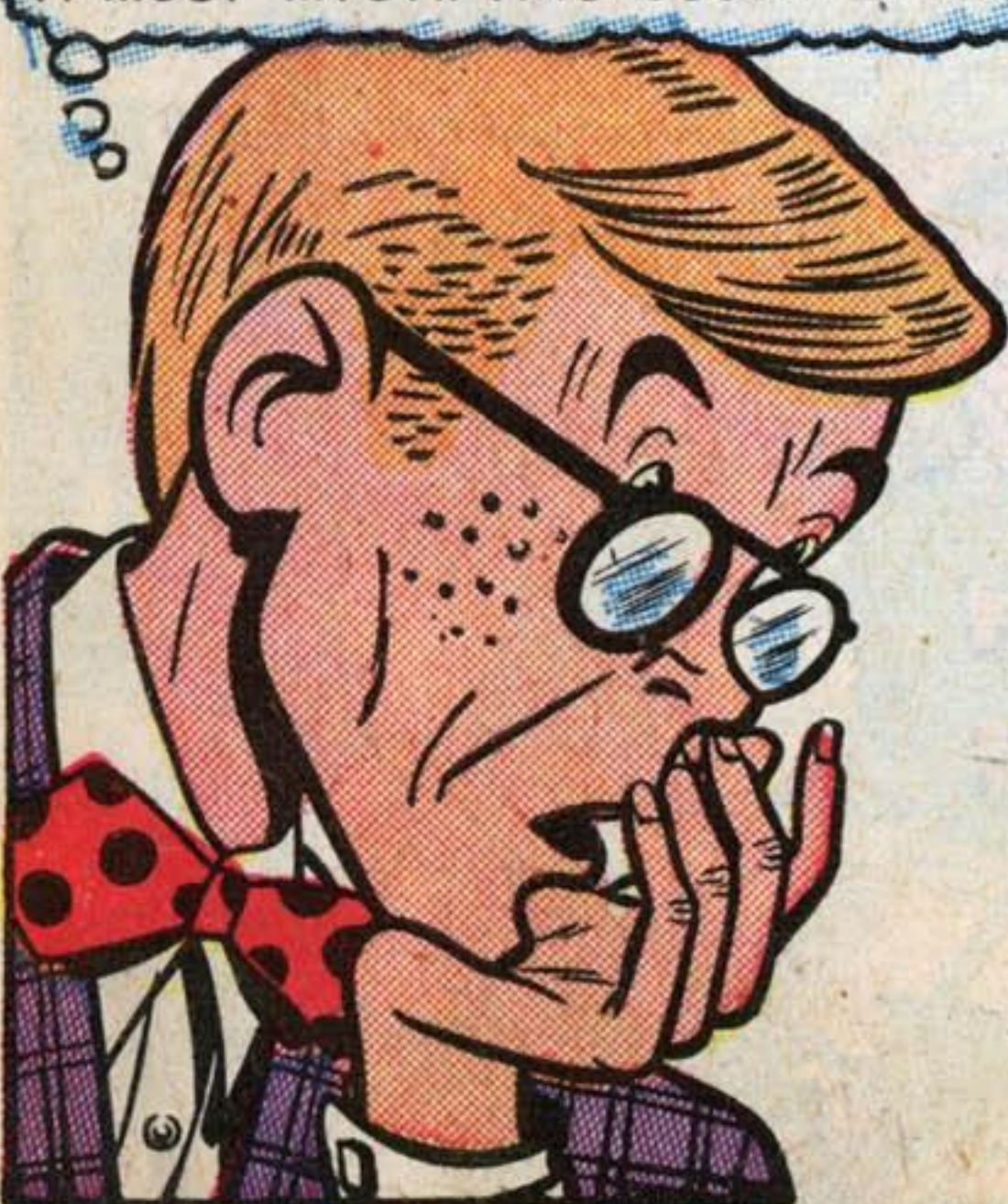
QUIET

SHHH--I'M SORRY, MISS, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE! YOU'RE TOO NOISY!

THAT'S ODD! BUT I GUESS HE *IS* SHY! PROBABLY AFTER HE WROTE, HIS COURAGE FAILED HIM! I'LL GO HOME AND TRY TO THINK UP A WAY TO BREAK DOWN HIS SHYNESS!

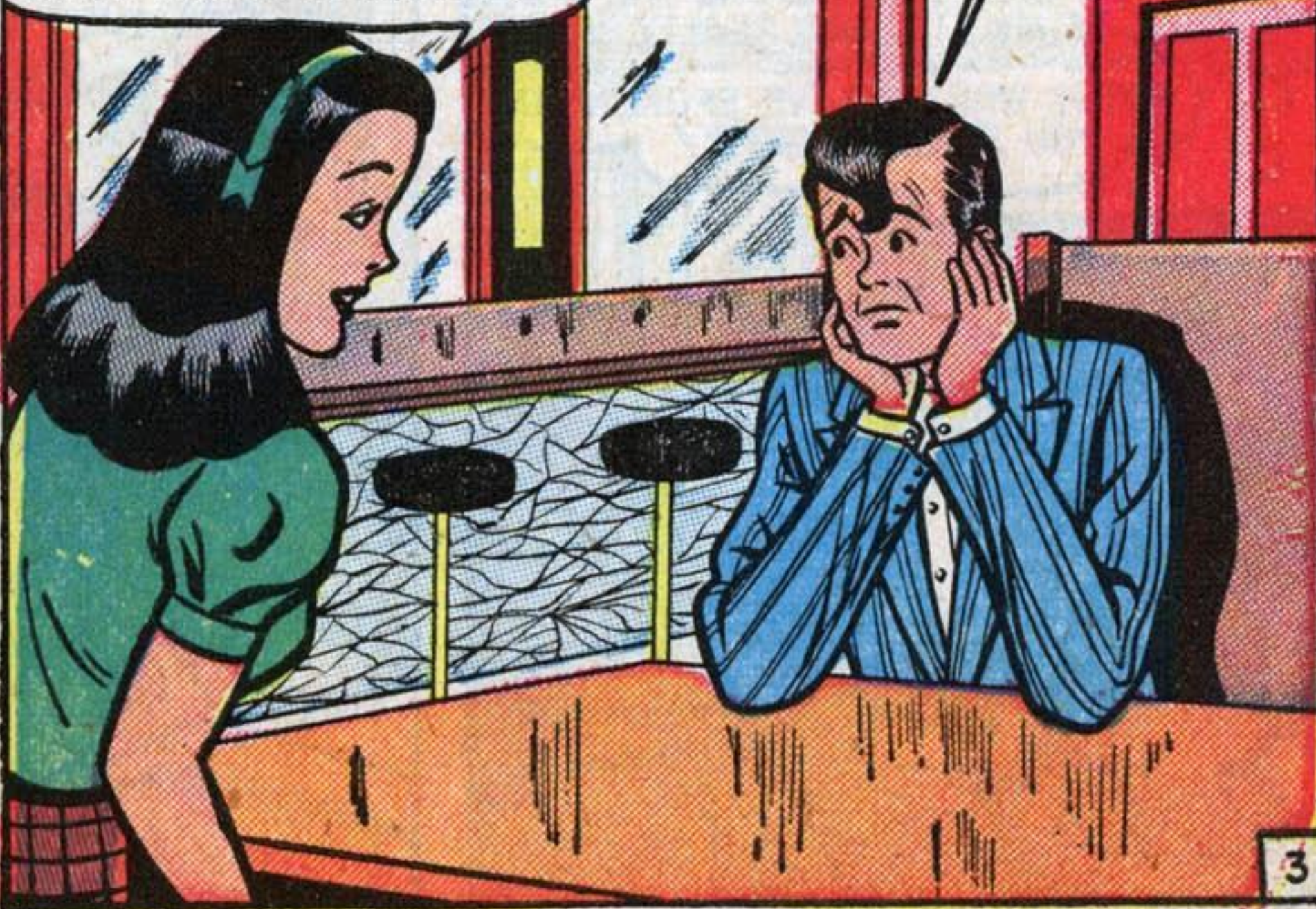


WHAT ON EARTH COULD THAT STRANGE GIRL HAVE MEANT WHEN SHE SAID I WROTE *HER* A LETTER? A MOST MYSTIFYING OCCURRENCE!

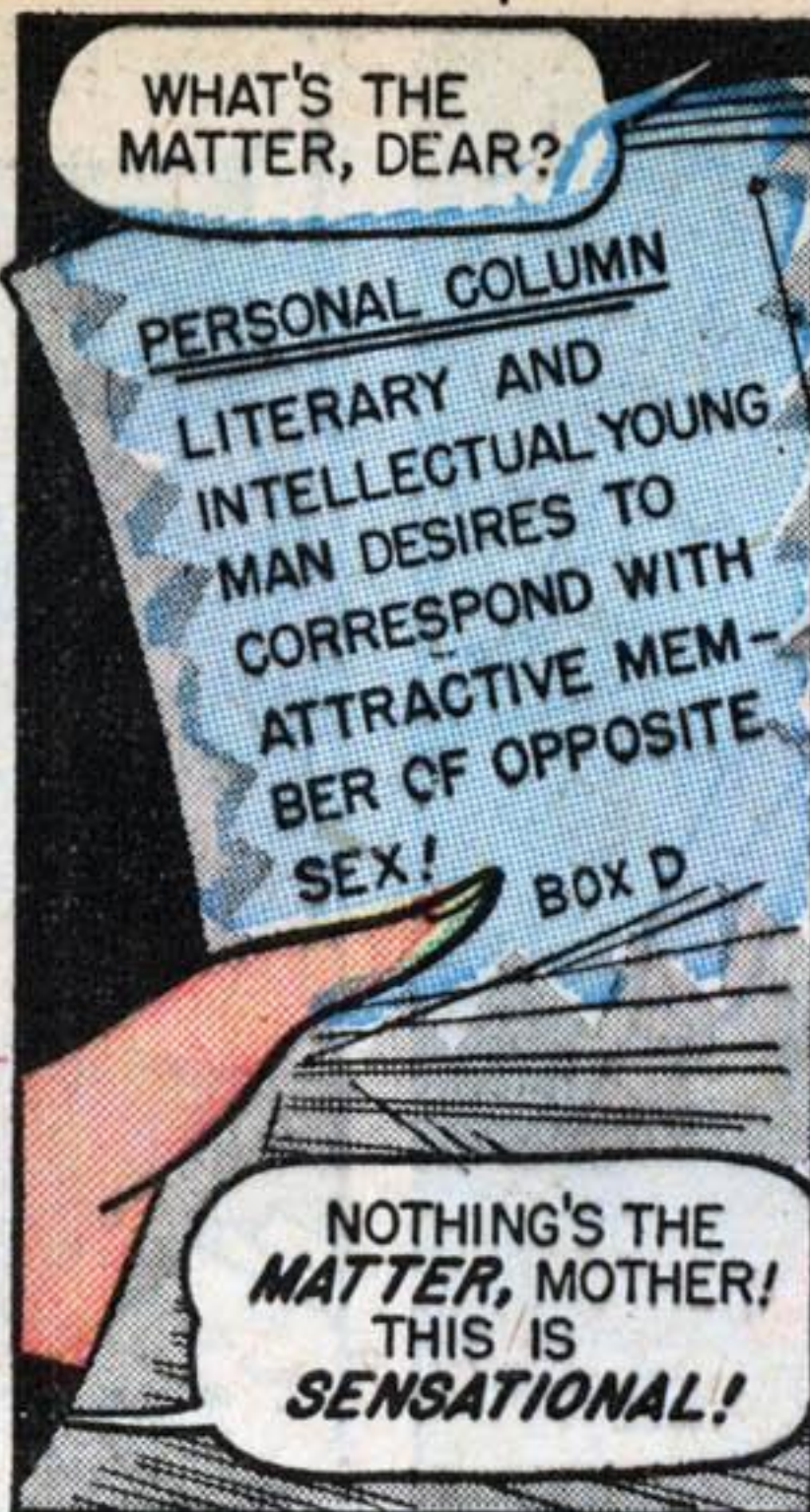


MEANWHILE, AT THE SUGAR BOWL...

ALL ALONE TONIGHT, BUZZ? WHAT ABOUT A DANCE?



YEAH, GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL, HEDY!



LET'S SEE NOW... DEAR LITERARY YOUNG MAN! NO! DEAR HUMBERT! NO! DEAR SIR! OH, I'LL JUST SAY DEAR L.Y.M. AND SIGN IT A.M.O.S. FOR ATTRACTIVE MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX! BUT WHAT'LL I SAY IN BETWEEN?

IT'S TIME FOR DINNER, DEAR! MY GOODNESS, I NEVER SAW YOU SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT YOUR HOMEWORK BEFORE!

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MOTHER!



"I'D LOVE TO READ SOMETHING YOU'VE WRITTEN SOMETIME!" NO, THAT'S SILLY BECAUSE HE'LL WRITE THE ANSWER!

PATSY! YOU'RE NOT EATING A THING! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

ALWAYS MOONING AROUND! SHE'LL NEVER GROW UP!



I WON'T PUT HIS NAME ON IT! I'LL JUST ADDRESS IT TO BOX D AT THE NEWS-PAPER, IT'S MORE MYSTERIOUS THIS WAY!

PATSY, DEAR! IT'S BEDTIME!



I'LL MAIL IT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! GEE, I WONDER HOW LONG I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR AN ANSWER!



HERE YOU ARE, MISS PATSY! A LETTER FORWARDED FROM THE NEWSPAPER! ARE YOU APPLYIN' FOR A JOB AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT OR SOMETHING?

THANK YOU! GOOD-BYE!



AT LAST! OH, THIS IS SO *ROMANTIC!* LIKE THOSE POETS, THE *BROWINGS*--OR SOMETHING!

SHE'S IN SOME HURRY! I WAS ALL SET TO STAY AND TALK FER A SPELL!



PATSY WAITS TWO DAYS AND THEN...

"DEAR A.M.O.S., I WAS SO GLAD TO RECEIVE YOUR LETTER! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME MUCH ABOUT YOURSELF, BUT I CAN SEE THAT OUR MINDS ARE ATTUNE!"

BUZZ IS HERE, PATSY!

I'M SORRY, BUZZ! I SIMPLY HAVEN'T TIME TO SEE YOU! THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO! IF YOU WANT TO SAY ANYTHING TO ME, WRITE ME A LETTER!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, PAT! ALL RIGHT, I WILL!

MAYBE IT'S CRUEL, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! I'M BEYOND THOSE CHILDISH PURSUITS--DANCING, BOWLING! MY MIND IS ATTUNE WITH HUMBERT'S! OH, I MUST GO WRITE MY ANSWER TO THAT WONDERFUL LETTER OF HIS!

PATSY, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU! YOU HAVEN'T HAD THE GANG AROUND FOR AGES! THE HOUSE IS SO QUIET! EVEN MICKEY ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE BUSY AT SOMETHING!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH MICKEY, MOTHER! BUT AS FOR ME, I'M GROWING UP! I AM ABOUT TO ENTER THE LITERARY WORLD!

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU MEAN YOU'RE WRITING A NOVEL OR SOMETHING? OH, MY ROAST!

POOR MOTHER! (SIGH!) SOME THINGS ARE JUST TOO DEEP FOR HER!

LETTER FOR YOU, MISS PATSY! MY, YOU GET A LOT OF MAIL THESE DAYS!

OH, THANK YOU! WHY, THAT'S NOT... OH, IT'S BUZZ'S WRITING!

"I'M WRITING TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'VE HAD A DATE FOR THE DANCE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT FOR A LONG TIME! SO I HOPE YOU'LL STOP ACTING SILLY AND BE LIKE YOU USED TO BE!" OH, DEAR! HE CAN'T EVEN SPELL! OH! THE PHONE!

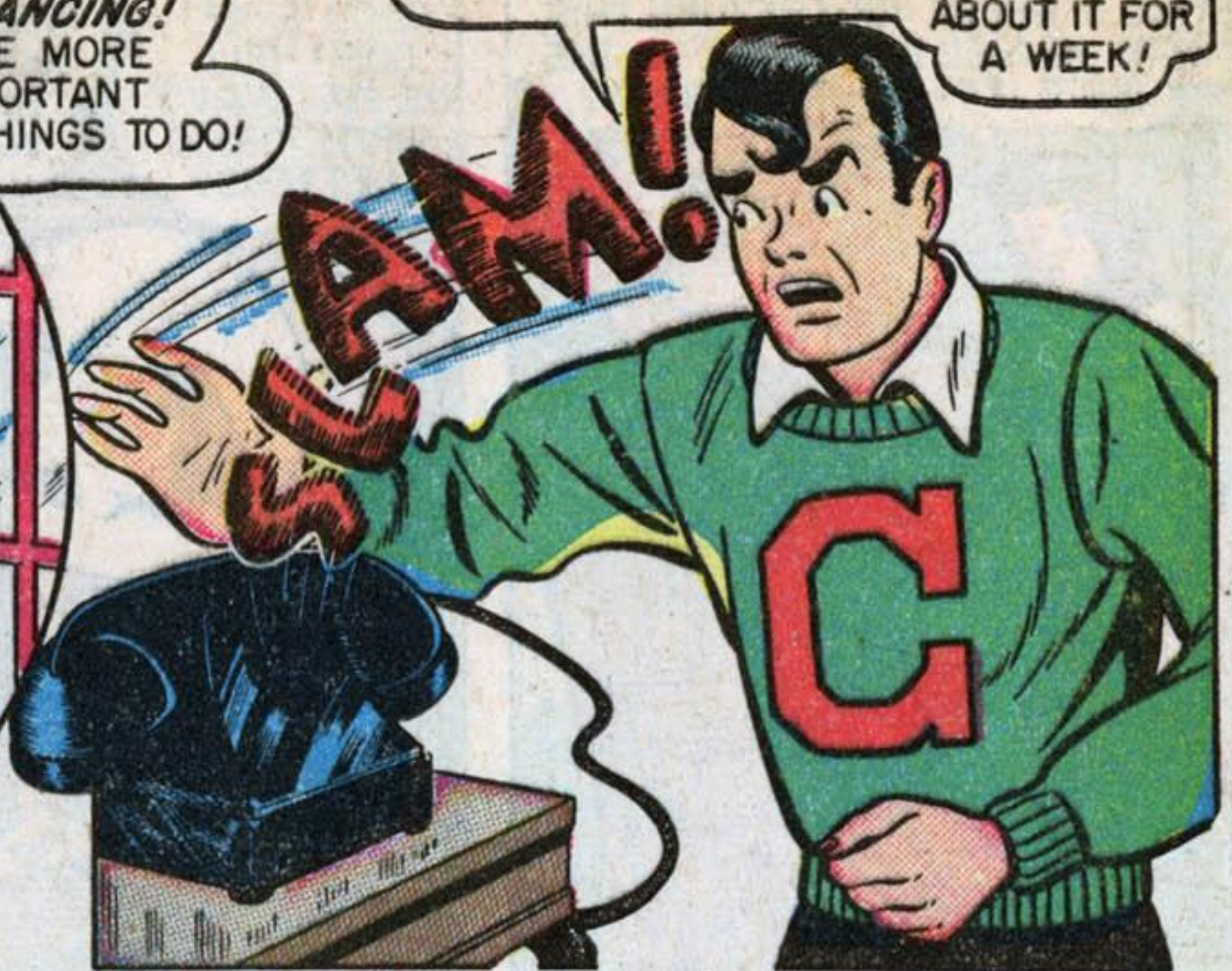
RIN-NG!

AND, AS THE NEXT DAY ROLLS AROUND...

NO, BUZZ, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T KEEP OUR DATE FOR THE DANCE! AFTER ALL, WHAT HAPPENS AT A DANCE? JUST **DANCING!** I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!



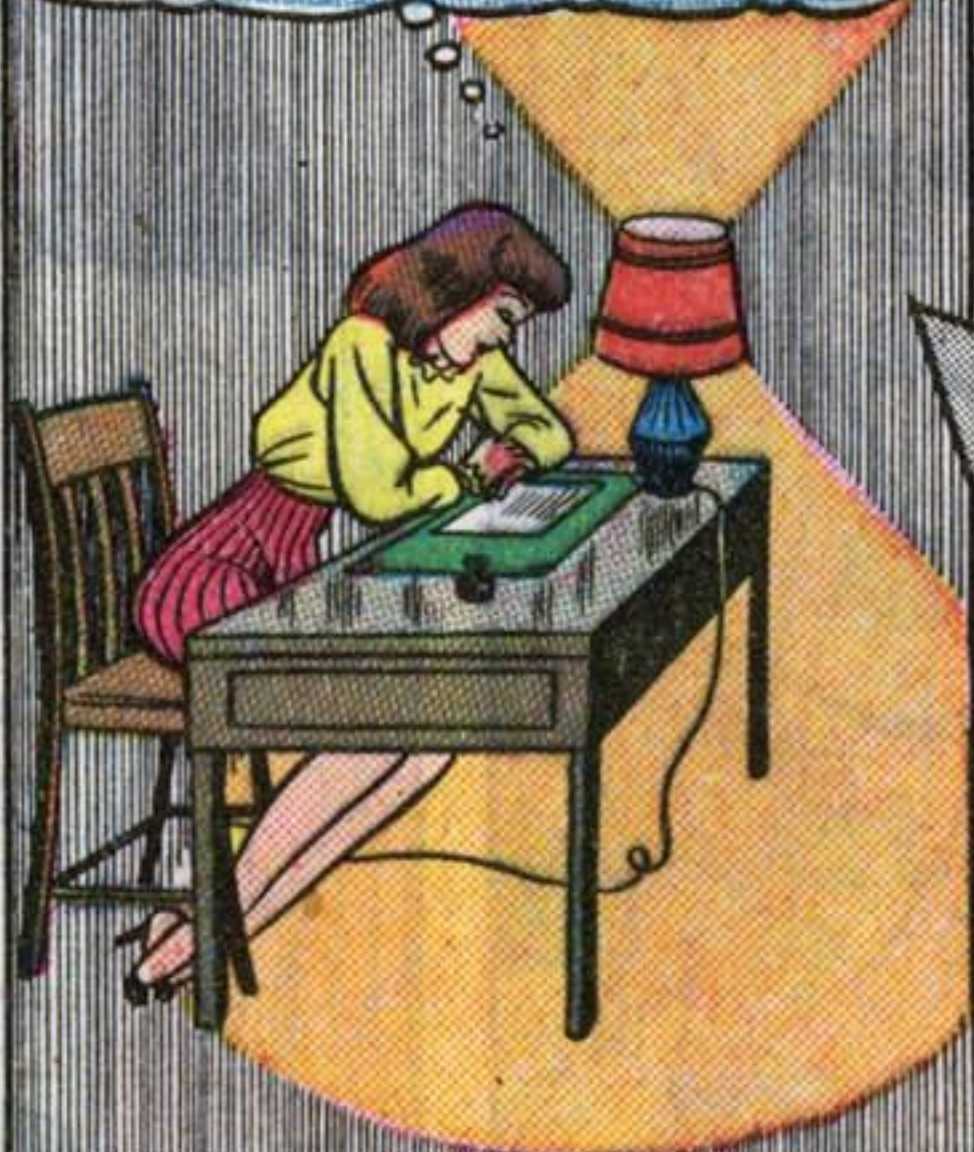
ALL RIGHT! THEN I'LL CALL HEDY WOLFE AND ASK **HER!** SHE'S BEEN HINTING ABOUT IT FOR A WEEK!



WHAT A DIFFERENCE! YOU CAN CERTAINLY TELL FROM THE LETTERS! ONE SO MATURE, SO WITTY, SO LYRICAL -- AND THE OTHER CAN'T EVEN SPELL **SATURDAY!** NO, BUZZ IS NOT THE MAN FOR ME! BUT THIS CORRESPONDENCE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH NOW!



IT'S HIGH TIME WE HAD A CHANCE TO GET REALLY ACQUAINTED! **FACE TO FACE!** "DEAR L.Y.M., WE **MUST** MEET! YOU NAME THE PLACE AND THE DATE AND I'LL BE THERE!"



SO PATSY GETS THE ANSWER...

"...SO LET US MEET SATURDAY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK UNDER THE BIG ELM IN THE PARK!" OH, AT LAST! THIS IS WORKING OUT JUST RIGHT!



AND SATURDAY NIGHT AT EIGHT...

THIS IS A RENDEZVOUS WITH **FATE!** OH! THERE'S HUMBERT NOW!



HUMBERT! HERE I AM! DESTINY BRINGS US TOGETHER AGAIN, **AT LAST!**





COME! LET'S GO SIT UNDER THE ELM! THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE HEADED FOR, ISN'T IT?

NO, I WAS JUST GOING TO RETURN THIS BOOK TO THE LIBRARY!



BUT YOU SAID IN THE LETTER... GOOD GRIEF! DON'T TELL ME *YOU DIDN'T* WRITE THOSE LETTERS?

I NEVER WROTE YOU A LETTER IN MY LIFE! HOW COULD I? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME!



BUT *I'M THE ATTRACTIVE MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX!* IF *YOU'RE* NOT THE LITERARY YOUNG MAN, *WHO IS?*



I'M GOING TO THE BIG ELM AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

AMAZING! SHE KEEPS THINKING I WRITE LETTERS TO HER! BUT SHE *IS* RATHER AN ATTRACTIVE MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX! WISH I *KNEW* HER!



THERE'S THE BIG ELM! AND THERE *IS* SOMEONE THERE! WELL! *I'LL* JUST FIND OUT *WHO* THE LITERARY YOUNG MAN IS!



MICKEY! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

OH, I... WAS JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE! AN ATTRACTIVE MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, AS A MATTER OF FACT! SO IF YOU DON'T MIND *LEAVING...*



OH, *NO!* YOU DON'T MEAN... *YOU CAN'T* BE THE LITERARY YOUNG MAN!

JUMPING CAT FISH! *YOU'RE... YOU-- MY OWN SISTER!*



TO THINK I GAVE UP BUZZ, THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD FOR ME, FOR *THIS!* MICKEY WALKER, *DON'T EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!*

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, PATSY! WE *DO* LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE!

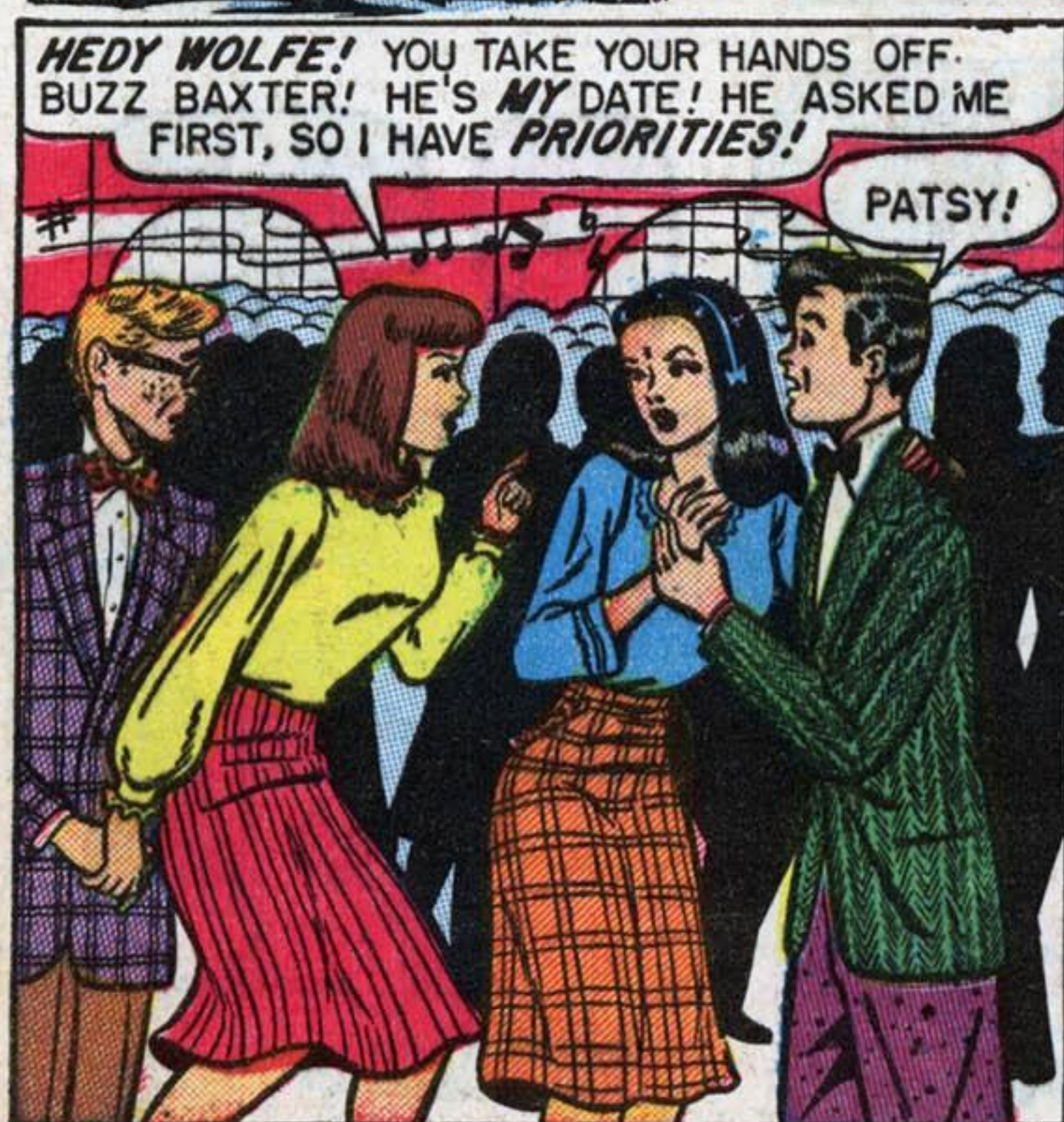


PHOOEY! I THOUGHT I'D FINALLY MET A SOPHISTICATED *OLDER WOMAN* WHO COULD *REALLY* UNDERSTAND ME!



SAY, MISS, IF YOU'D STILL LIKE TO GET ACQUAINTED...

YOU! GO AWAY! NO, WAIT A MINUTE! COME WITH *ME!* WE'RE GOING TO A *DANCE!*



HEDY WOLFE! YOU TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF. BUZZ BAXTER! HE'S *MY* DATE! HE ASKED ME FIRST, SO I HAVE *PRIORITIES!*

PATSY!



PATSY WALKER, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WHAT ABOUT *ME?*

YOU'RE SO USED TO STEALING *MY* DATES, *YOU* CAN HAVE HUMBERT!



WELL, THEN--LET'S DANCE, HUMBERT!

OH, I DON'T KNOW *HOW* TO DANCE! LET'S JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK ABOUT *BOOKS!*



YOU WERE RIGHT IN YOUR LETTER, BUZZ! I *WAS* BEING SILLY! BUT REMIND ME *NEVER* TO TELL YOU THE DETAILS!

AND ON PAGE 68 WE COME TO THE ROMAN PERIOD...

THE END

HEY LOOK!

4018

H. KURTZ



Captain

TRAPS

THE CIRCUS CULPRIT

BY C.C. BECK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, SOMEONE'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH OUR EQUIPMENT! OUR STAR TRAPEZE PERFORMER HAS HAD THREE ACCIDENTS THIS WEEK! THE NEXT ONE MAY BE FATAL!

THE SECRET LEGION AND I WILL TRY TO TRAP THE CULPRIT, MR. BINGLING!

HURRY NOW, KIDS! WE'VE GOT TO SPRINKLE THIS DETECTING POWDER ON ALL THE EQUIPMENT BEFORE TONIGHT'S SHOW!

I'LL SET UP THE DETECTOR LAMP IN THAT TENT, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

CERTAIN SUBSTANCES FLUORESCENCE OR GLOW IN THE DARK WHEN INVISIBLE RAYS FROM AN ULTRAVIOLET LAMP STRIKE THEM. CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION HOPE TO TRAP THE VILLAIN BY THE TRACES OF DETECTING POWDER HIS HANDS WILL PICK UP.

ULTRAVIOLET LAMP WITH SPECIAL FILTER

ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

DETECTING POWDER

NOW LET'S EAT A TOOTSIE POP WITH A TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER. THEY'LL GIVE US THE QUICK ENERGY WE NEED TO TRAP THE CULPRIT!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! THESE TOOTSIE POPS ARE SWELL - JUST LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

PRESENTING MISS TRIXIE, MOST FAMOUS TRAPEZE ARTIST IN THE WORLD, IN HER DEATH-DEFYING AERIAL ACT!

CLAP! CLAP!

YAAAY!

SUDDENLY...

SNAP!

EKK!

LOOK OUT! SHE'S FALLING RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

OOOH! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE ONE, MISS TRIXIE! WE'LL TRAP THE CULPRIT FOR YOU!

WOW!

NOW COME ON, EVERYBODY! WE'LL GET MR. BINGLING TO BRING ALL EMPLOYEES TO BE EXAMINED UNDER THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE IS BAFFLED!

SKREEK! SKREEK!

QUIET, ZULU! NO LUCK, CAPT. TOOTSIE? NO TELL-TALE POWDER ON ANYONE'S HANDS?

NO, AND I'VE EXAMINED EVERYONE - EXCEPT YOU YOURSELF, MR. BINGLING. WILL YOU STEP IN NOW?

THERE'S THE CULPRIT!

GRAB HIM, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

LOOK AT THOSE GLOWING HANDS!

WHAT? ZULU IS THE GUILTY ONE? WE CAN'T JAIL HIM!

ZULU MUST HAVE BEEN CHEWING ON THE ROPES! WE NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM!

POOR LITTLE ZULU! I FORGIVE HIM!

GOSH! AFTER ALL THAT EXCITEMENT, I GUESS WE OUGHT TO HAVE ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE POPS WITH TOOTSIE ROLL CENTERS!

ZULU SURE SURPRISED US!

AND YOU GET SOME GRAND SURPRISE AND PLENTY OF PEP WHEN YOU EAT A TEMPTIN' TOOTSIE POP! THEY'RE A DOUBLE TREAT! FOR YOU START WITH LICKIN' GOOD HARD CANDY - CHERRY OR ORANGE OR LIME OR OTHER SWELL FLAVORS - THEN YOU REACH THAT DEE-LICIOUS, DEE-LIGHTFUL TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER. OH BOY, GET SOME TODAY!

ALSO GET CHEWY CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLLS. THEY GIVE QUICK ENERGY, TOO!

DELICIOUS CHEWY CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

PATSY WALKER

IN

"SOME
SUIT!"

BUT PATSY! ONE LOOK AT
THAT SUIT AND EVEN THE
TIDE'S GOING OUT!



ON WHAT?

MMMPH... GLMF...
HMMM...

A SNIP OF ELASTIC...

THAT GOES ON FOR HOURS,
UNTIL...

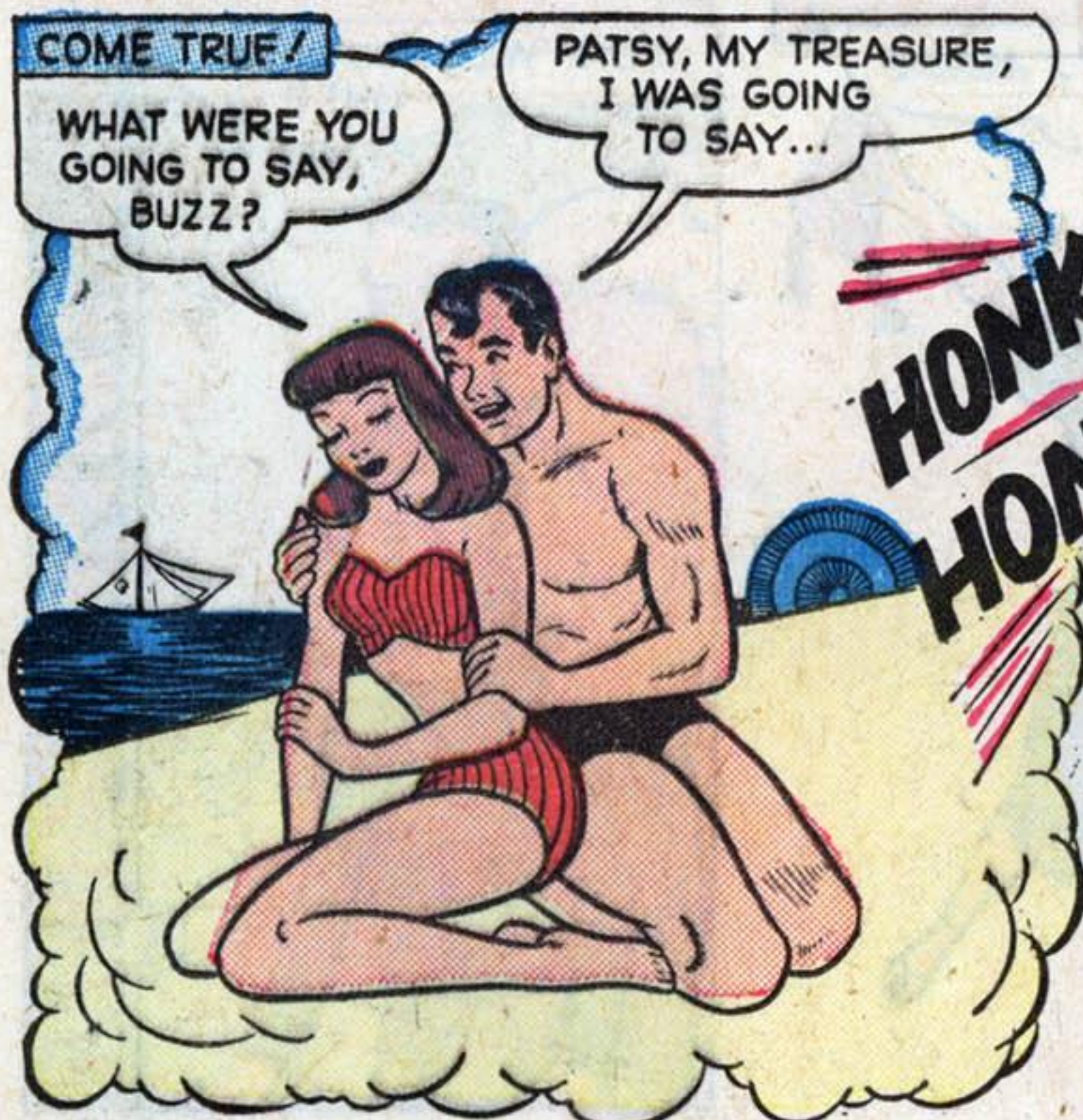
FINISHED! I MADE
IT!

NOW WILL YOU COME
OUT?

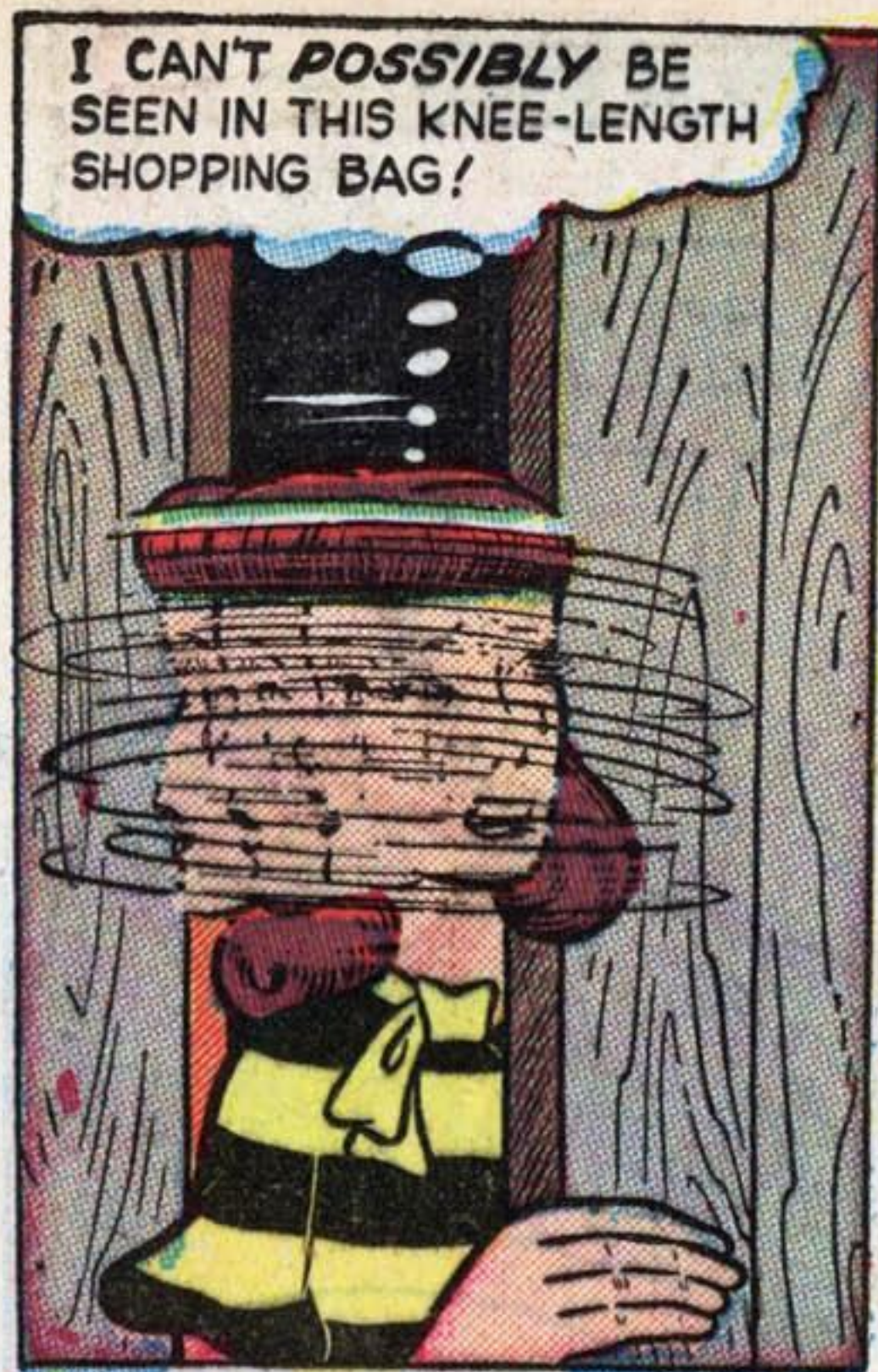
WELL, WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT?

I HATE TO SAY THIS
TO MY OWN *SISTER*,
BUT YOU CAN *OUT-
GLAMOUR GLAMOUR!*

(SIGH!) I HOPE *BUZZ*
THINKS SO
TOMORROW!







PATSY WALKER

IN
"HELPING
HANDS!"

3477

AND AS PRESIDENT OF THIS CLASS, I MOVE
THAT *EVERYONE* JOIN OUR "HELPING HANDS
COMMITTEE" TO HELP THE
SMITHS !

SECOND
THE MOTION!

HEAR!
HEAR!

THAT MEAN OLD TITUS
SKINFLINT--PUTTING
THAT NICE SMITH
FAMILY OUT OF
HIS HOUSE !

AND JOE A -
VETERAN, TOO !
HOW MEAN CAN
YOU GET ?

WHY, HELLO, PATSY DARLING--
DID YOU HEAR? BUZZ JUST
APPOINTED ME ASSISTANT
OF THE HELPING HANDS
COMMITTEE!

ASSISTANT?
I DIDN'T
KNOW BUZZ
NEEDED...

I GUESS THAT
PROVES ONCE
AND FOR ALL
WHAT HE THINKS
OF ME! TA-TA,
DARLING!

WANNA KNOW
WHAT I THINK
OF YOU?

HUSH,
NANCY!
YOU'RE
A LADY!

GOSH, TOO BAD, IT DOESN'T
PATSY--WONDER MATTER--
WHY BUZZ DIDN'T CHOOSE
YOU? THE SMITHS
IS A JOB FOR
EVERYONE!
C'MON, WE'VE
WORK TO DO!

THANK YOU AGAIN,
MR. WALKER, FOR
TAKING OUR CASE!

SOON AS
I'M ABLE TO
WORK WE'LL
BE ABLE TO
PAY...

SHUCKS, JOE,
WHAT'S A
NEIGHBOR
FOR IF HE
CAN'T HELP
OUT?

I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT
OLD SKINFLINT--BUT
WHEN I DO...

DON'T WORRY,
JOE! WE'LL WIN
OVER TITUS SKINFLINT
YET!

IN MR. WALKER'S OFFICE...

HMM...SEE IF I CAN'T TALK
WALKER INTO DROPPING THE
SMITH CASE! PRETTY SMART
LAWYER, THAT MAN! I DON'T
WANT TO TAKE ANY
CHANCES!

HERE'S ANOTHER
SWEATER FOR
MRS. SMITH, PATSY!

FINE! OH, THERE'S THE BELL!
THAT MUST BE THE MAN
FROM THE CENTERVILLE
SERVICE COMMITTEE!

RIN-NG!

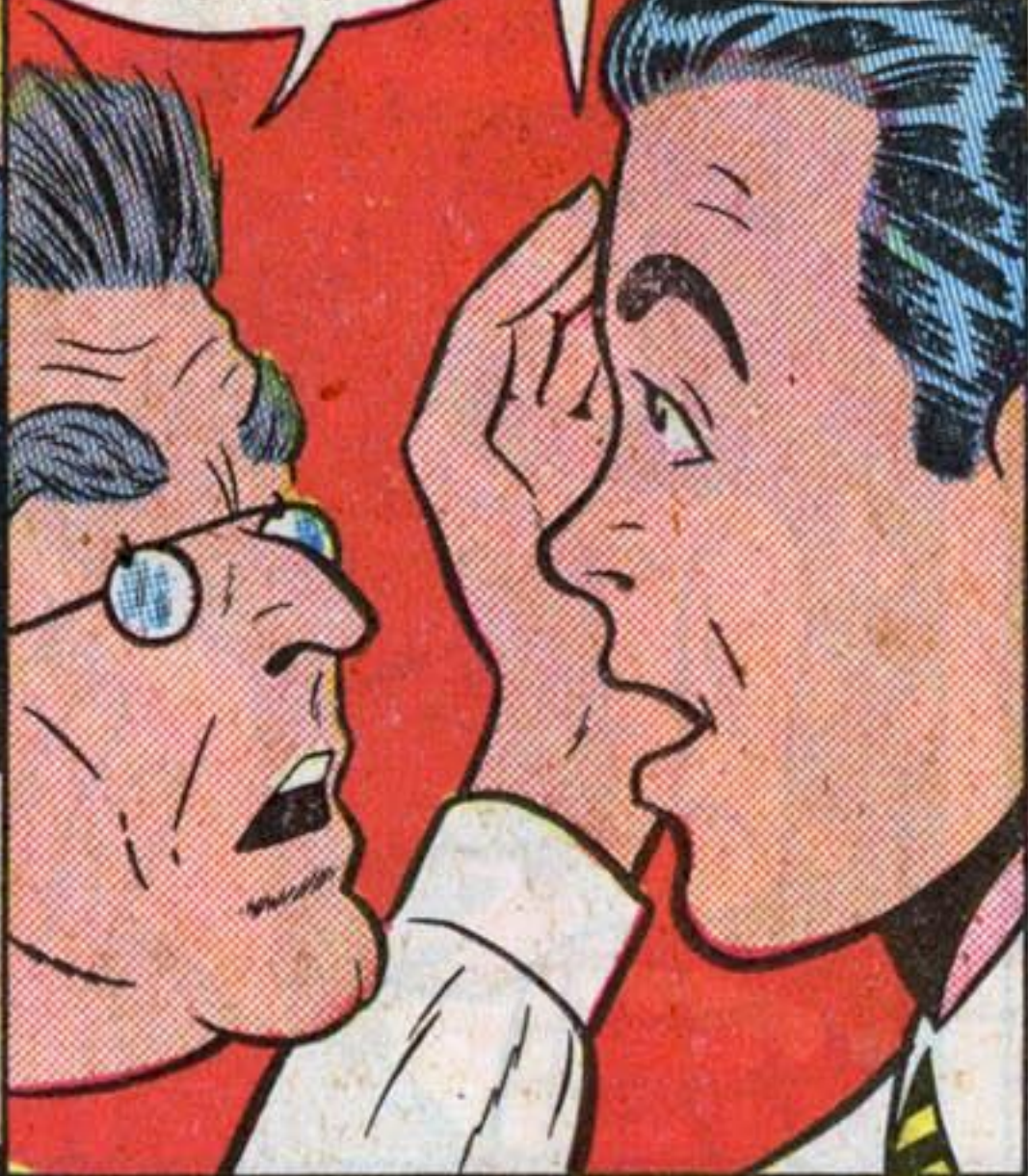
MEANWHILE, TITUS
SKINFLINT ARRIVES...





JONATHAN,
I THOUGHT...
I MEAN--
WHY? WHERE?
HOW?

DAD, WAIT
A MINUTE!
I'M BEGINNING
TO REMEMBER...



AMNESIA PLAYS CRUEL TRICKS ON
ITS VICTIMS...

BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
WHY DIDN'T YOU
COME HOME, MY
BOY, WHEN THE
WAR ENDED?

BATTLE FATIGUE,
DAD! I DIDN'T
REMEMBER
ANYTHING UNTIL
JUST NOW WHEN
I SAW
YOU! IT
ALL CAME
BACK!



LATER...

SO THAT'S WHY SKINFLINT
WAS SO MEAN! HE WAS
WORRIED ABOUT HIS
LOST SON!

OF COURSE! AND NOW
THAT HE'S FOUND
JOE--ER, JON, HE'S
GOING TO GIVE HIM A
JOB IN HIS FIRM AND
LET **HIM** KEEP
HIS HOUSE!



IT'S ALL WORKED
OUT **WONDERFULLY**,
NANCY, EXCEPT
FOR...

OH-OH, DON'T
LOOK NOW--
BUT HERE
COMES YOUR
"EXCEPT FOR!"



HELLO, DARLINGS, CAN'T
STOP NOW! I'VE SO MUCH
TO DO HELPING **BUZZ!** YOU
KNOW, AS **ASSISTANT** OF HIS
COMMITTEE!

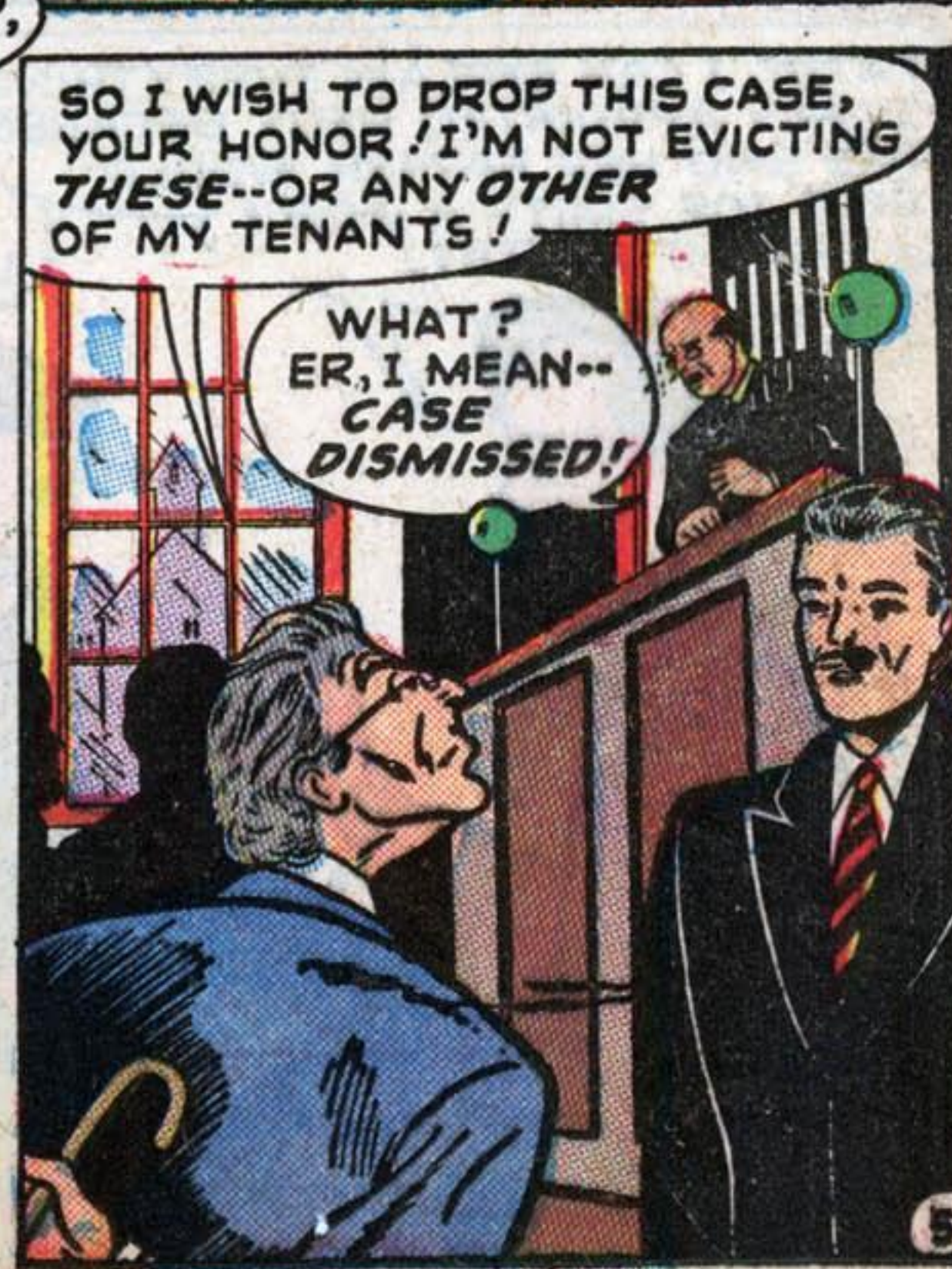
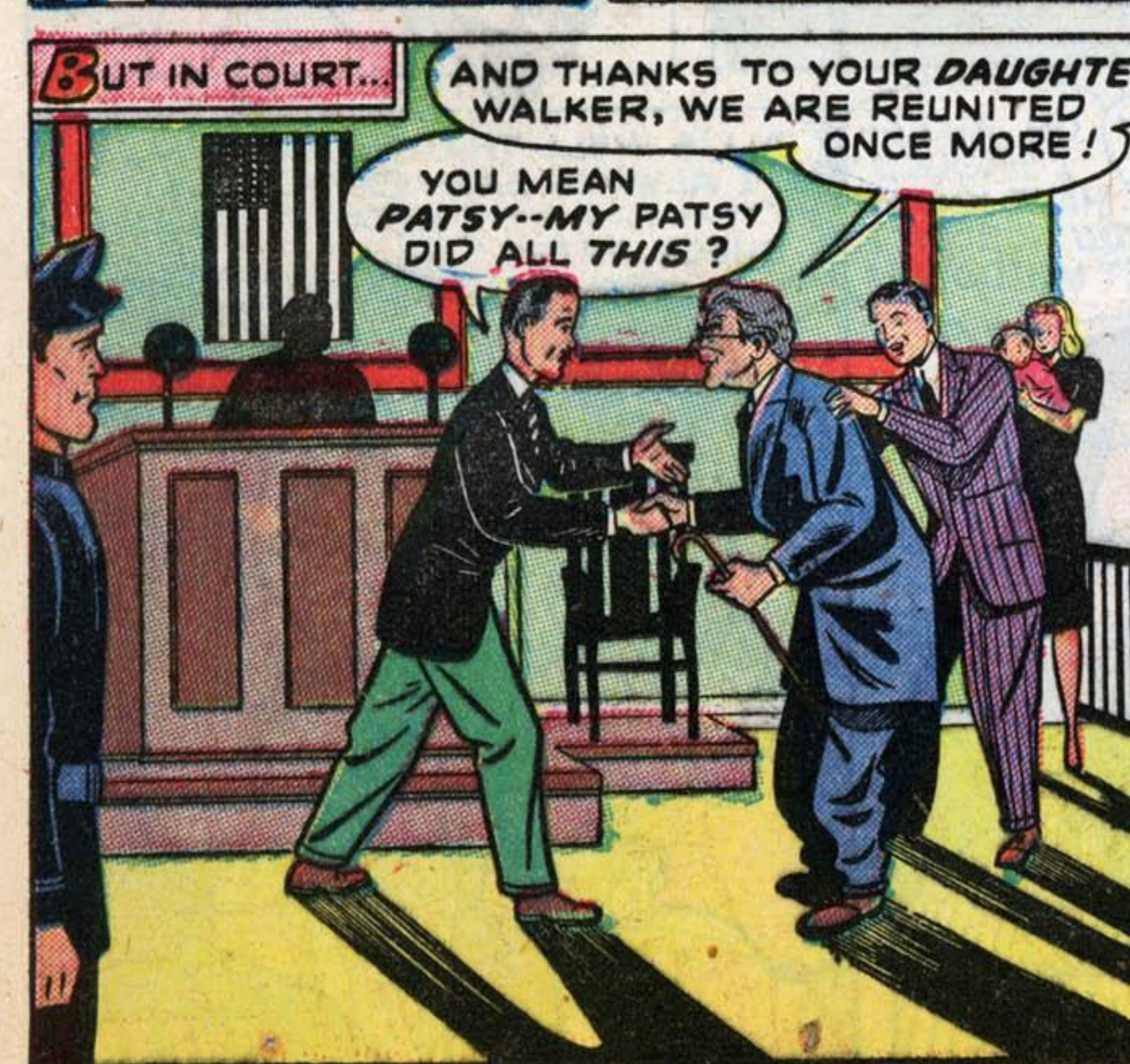
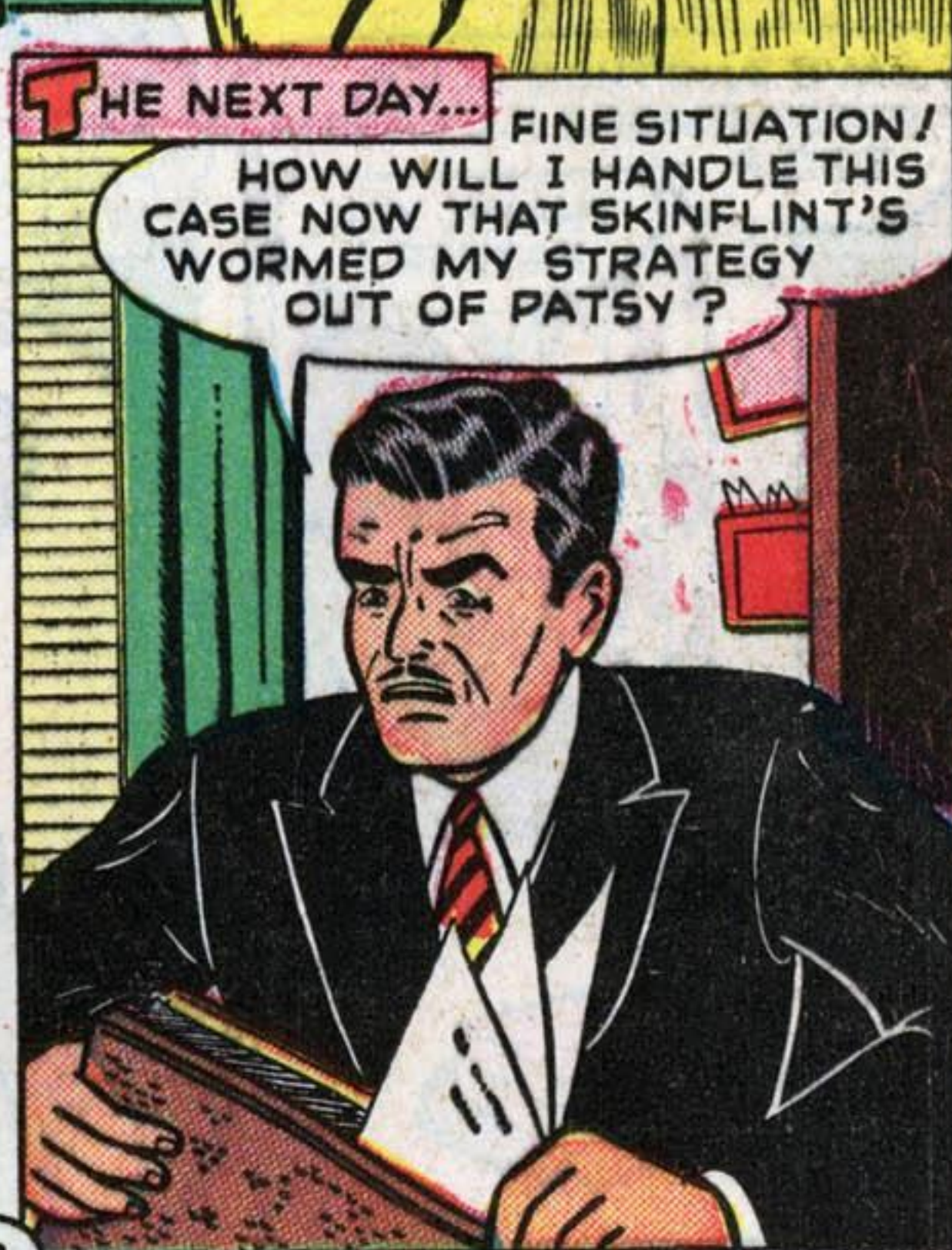
EX-ASSISTANT
OF HIS
EX-COMMITTEE,
YOU MEAN, HEDY!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY THAT,
PATSY WALKER?

YOU'LL FIND
OUT, HEDY
DEAR!

IT'S A
SURPRISE--
A **PLEASANT**
SURPRISE!
TA-TA,
HEDY!







CONGRATULATIONS, WALKER! BRILLIANT WORK! FRANKLY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD EVER WIN **THIS CASE!**

THANKS, YOUR HONOR! IT DEVELOPED SOME VERY **UNUSUAL** ANGLES, YOU MIGHT SAY!



THAT NIGHT...

FOR ME, DADDY?

OF COURSE, DEAR!



HAVE ANOTHER SLICE, PATSY? MORE ICE CREAM, TOO?

THANK YOU, FATHER!



FATHERS! ONE NIGHT YOU'RE STRICTLY SUB-ZERO, AND THE NEXT YOU'RE PRINCESS PATSY! WHEN WILL **PARENTS** GROW UP?



AND THE NEXT DAY...

PATSY! HEY, PATSY, WAIT UP!

OH, IT'S **YOU**, MISTER BAXTER!



PATSY, I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! I ONLY APPOINTED HEDY BECAUSE SHE SAID HER FATHER WOULD GIVE JOE SMITH A **JOB!** HONEST, PATSY!

OH, BUZZ—I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN **YOU** WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!



ALL'S WELL THAT **ENDS** WELL, I ALWAYS SAY--ESPECIALLY HEDY'S "**CAREER!**" CHECK, PATSY!

THE END

HEY LOOK!

3917

NOW THAT
YOU'RE WORK-
ING FOR THE
VOLUNTEER
FIRE DEPART-
MENT, LET ME
SHOW YOU
THE ROPES!

HERE--ARE THE ROPES,
AND THERE--IS THE SLID-
ING PIPE!

WHEN YOU HEAR THE FIRE
BELL, YOU HOP ON THE
PIPE AND SLIDE DOWN TO
THE FIRE ENGINES!

ALL SET?
NOW ALL
YOU HAVE
TO DO IS
WAIT FOR
A FIRE!

CLANG!

HOTCHA!
A FIRE!

H. Kurtz-8*

HERE
GOES!

DOWN
TH--



THIS WASN'T
A BAD FIRE!
HOW'D YOUR
FRIEND GET
BURNT?

AWWW--
INSTEAD
OF SLID-
ING DOWN
THE SLIDE
PIPE, HE
USED
THE
STEAM
PIPE!

end

155



MASQUERADE

JEWEL opened her letter slowly. The postmark was Wyoming, and she was sure it was only from her cousin, Tina. Her eyes widened as she read it, and groans filled the living room. "Oooohhh, how perfectly frantic!"

"Well?" her mother asked, looking up from the latest issue of her favorite magazine. "Why the groans?"

"Oh, Mother, the most awful event is about to occur! In all history nothing matches this. It's deep purple. It's tragic—it's frantically tragic!"

"Don't tell me." Mother was smiling. "I think I can guess. Ann's hat doesn't match her ballerina dress, or . . ."

"Moth-er! How *can* you? None of those simple events even begin to match what is about to happen." Jewel took a deep dramatic breath and sighed. "Cousin Tina from Wyoming is coming Tuesday for a *long* visit."

"Is that all? I'm very glad she's coming." Mother sighed with relief and went back to her magazine.

"But, Mother, she's from the wild west, and she'll probably arrive in chaps and boots and a ten-gallon hat!"

Mother looked up again and laughed. "When you were children I remember that you and Tina always had a very good time together. Why can't you now?"

"Now? *Now!*" she repeated incredulously. "Right now I'm in high school and grown-up. I don't go in for ten-gallon hats or horses or big open spaces." She crumpled in her chair. "What would the gang say if I came up with a wild west cousin?"

Mother was thinking seriously. "What's in your date book for Tuesday? Perhaps we can fix this situation so that everybody will be happy."

Jewel scowled with thought. "Tuesday—oh,

yes, the juniors are having a masquerade. Don't you remember? I'm going as Juliet. Now I ask you, Mother, how can I produce a cousin . . .?" She stopped and stared at her mother. "I know what you mean, Mother. Of course—Tina will go as the wild west. That's how we'll solve it, that's how!"

Tuesday Jewel excused herself from the gang after school and hurried home to get her father's car. She drove to the railroad station hoping no one would see cousin Tina get off the train.

It was only in the last six months that Jewel had been a part of the exclusive crowd at the local high school. She had wanted to join them for a year, and now that they had taken her in, she was determined that nothing was going to spoil their opinion of her. If they ever found out that she had a cousin with tumbleweed in her hair and a horsey odor about her, Jewel would be doomed. The gang was a smooth bunch of hep characters. All of them could quote lines from the latest movies, and they copied styles set by the high fashion magazines. Poor Tina! Her whole experience probably wrapped itself around ranches and horses and cowboys. Jewel shuddered at the thought. Cowboys had automatically left her life before she became a high school adult.

Hiding behind a post on the platform as the train steamed to a stop, she peeked out to watch the passengers descend from the dusty train—an old woman, a mother and a father with six children, *and* a very slick blond! The blond had a new-look outfit fresh out of the city, and she was holding a neat hat box in one hand while the other hand straightened the corsage of violets pinned to the lapel of her long spring coat. She stood on the platform looking around with bewilderment.

Jewel emerged from behind the post. She was conscious of her black ballet slippers that needed

a shine, her hair that needed a brushing and the bulging pockets of last year's spring coat. "Tina?" she asked.

"Yes, my name is Tina," the gorgeous blond answered, looking her over critically. "My cousin, Jewel, was to meet me, but I suppose she couldn't get here. Will you please call a taxi?"

"Ah—ah—I'm Jewel, Tina."

"You *are*?" the blond bombshell from Wyoming said amazedly. "Of course." She grabbed her hand. "Hello, little cousin. We're having a spring vacation at home so I thought I'd visit you."

"Father's car is here. Let's go," was all Jewel could say.

The drive home was long and silent. "Now what?" Jewel kept asking herself. "Now what?"

Mother was waiting and took cousin Tina into her arms. "You look simply gorgeous, Tina," she repeated. "Just like my sister. Exactly like sister Maude twenty years ago."

Jewel stumbled up the stairs and stared at the Juliet costume laid out on her fluffy bed. Tina and Mother came in, and Jewel faced them. "Tina, the Rockville High juniors are having a masquerade tonight. This—this is my costume—Juliet."

Tina gushed sickeningly as she dove for it. "Oh, isn't it sweet? I'd simply love to wear it myself." She held it up to her and danced around in front of the long mirror. "It suits me perfectly, doesn't it?"

Jewel was about to grab it from her when Mother spoke, "I'm sure Jewel will let her cousin from Wyoming wear it, won't you, Jewel?"

"Well—well, I guess so." She backed away, and her heart sank.

"You can rent something just as pretty, Jewel," Mother comforted her.

"Thank you, cousin Jewel, thank you so much. I warned Mother that I'd have a ghastly time here in the East, but she just insisted I come. Wait until I write her that I'm going to a masquerade as Juliet!"

Jewel gulped and left the room. This was a boomerang. It was much worse having a glamour girl for a cousin than having a wild west gal with chaps and a ten-gallon hat. She could have competed with the latter, but now she was stuck—stuck but good. When the boys laid eyes on Tina, she'd be sunk!

Jewel wandered round and round the little

park in the middle of town, trying to think. Then a startling idea came to her. *She would go as the wild west!* She would wear the chaps, the boots, the ten-gallon hat.

Jewel hurried over to Dick's Costume Place. It was easy to select a costume, and she had to admit, as she looked at herself in the long mirror, that she made a better westerner than a Juliet. Her short, curly black hair, under the amazing hat, gave her an impish air.

Dad drove the cousins to the masquerade party that night. Tina was drippingly pretty as Juliet with pearls and white satin, and she was smiling smugly. Beside her sat a sad copy of Annie Oakley, clutching a rusty rifle. Jewel glared out of the window.

Dad stopped at the entrance of the gym. Tina glided out of the car as Jewel followed grumpily. She blinked her eyes rapidly as she watched her Wyoming cousin slide through the entrance. She should have been Juliet; she should have worn that costume!

Jewel took long steps in her calf-high boots, pulled down her large hat and shouted, "Wa-al—where's that thar target? Two-gun Annie has arrived!"

A howl of delight went up from the crowd of juniors waiting at the entrance. "Here comes Jewel—the Jewel of the West! Go to it, Jewel!"

Jewel swallowed and looked up. Sure enough, the gang was applauding her—they liked her. She walked into the gym with long, western strides and became the center of attraction.

Within a half hour, Tina slid up to her. "If I'd only known, I could have played your game better—much better! After all, I am the Westerner." She leaned over and whispered, "I feel out of place in this Juliet costume. Want to change, cousin Jewel?"

"Nope, cousin Tina. I wanted to be Juliet once, but . . ." She put the rifle to her shoulder and squinted. "I like these here riggings. Tell you what: when I visit you in Wyoming next summer, I'll take your pet costume, and then you can be the real Westerner! Y'know, cousin Tina, it pays to be different—it pays."

Tina slithered away, disappointed and subdued in her Juliet costume, as two juniors slid up to Jewel just then to prove her point.

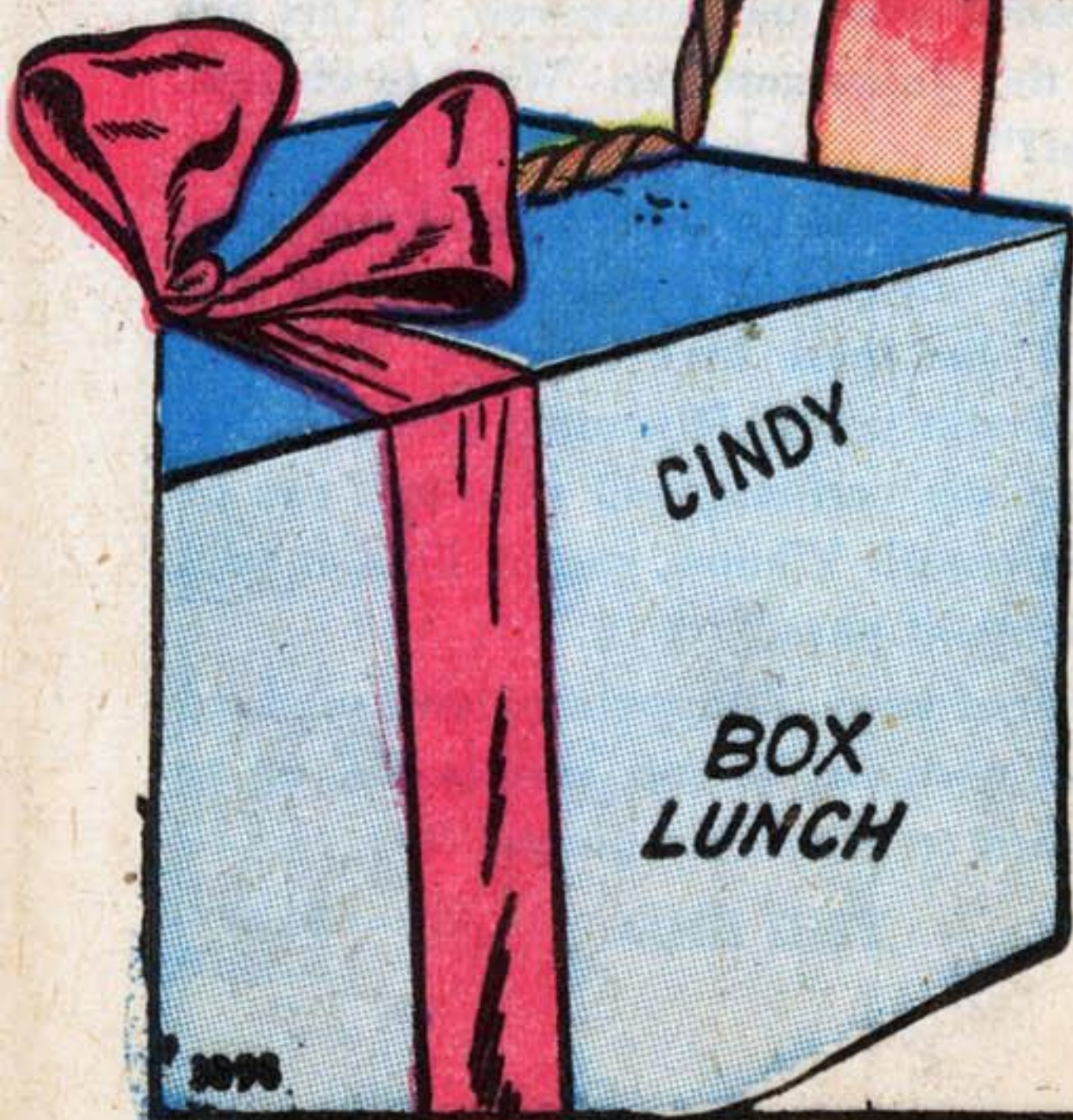
THE END

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CINDY

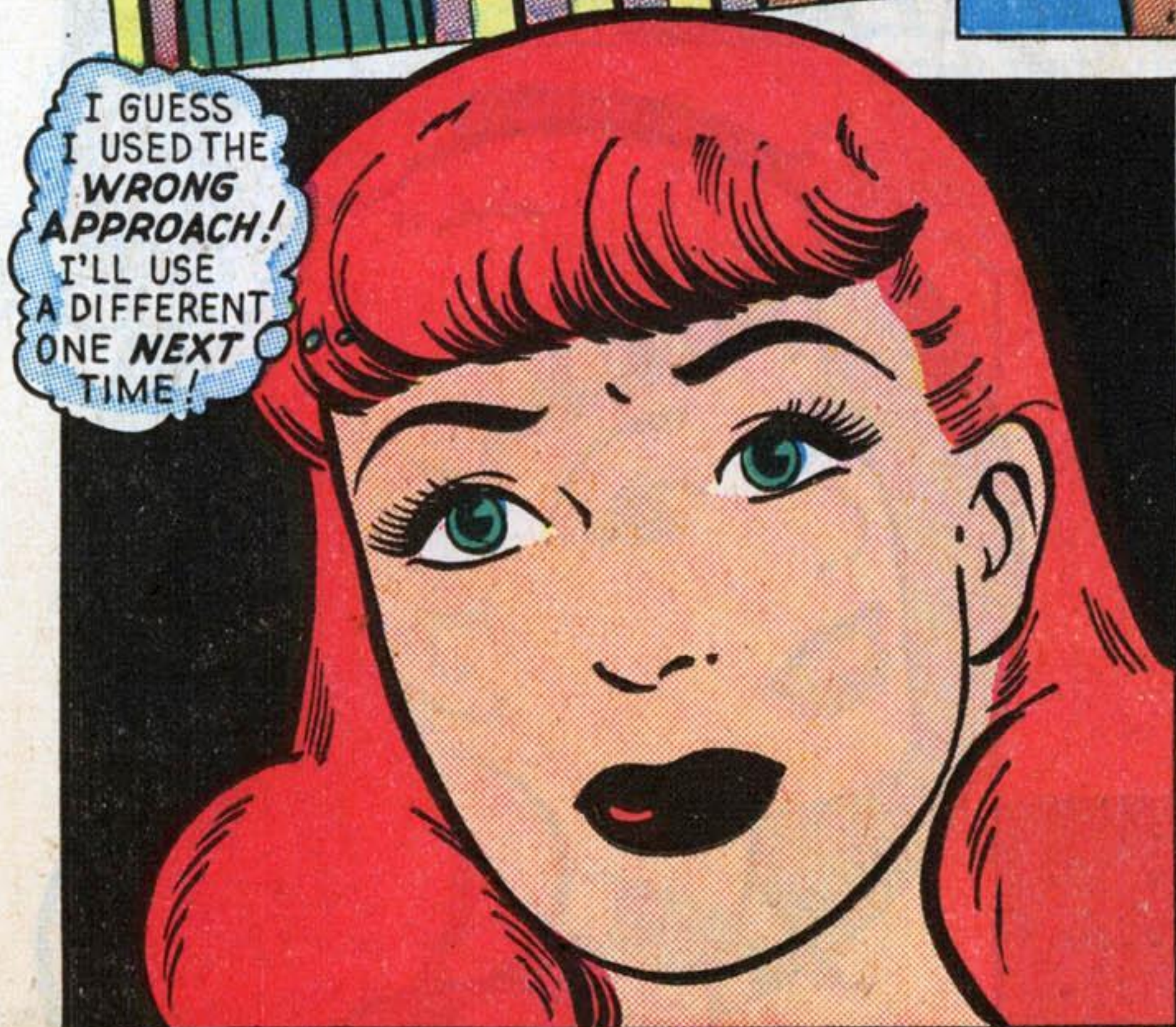


I'M MAKING
SURE THE BOYS
WILL BID FOR
MY LUNCH AT
THE BASKET
SOCIAL!



OH, HERE COMES THAT
BOY WHO JUST MOVED
INTO THE
NEIGHBORHOOD!
I'M JUST
DYING TO
MEET
HIM!







HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, SANDRA LAKE!

I REPEAT, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE WITH ALAN!



ALAN! SO THAT'S HIS NAME!

A LOT OF GOOD IT WILL DO YOU TO KNOW HIS NAME! I'VE ALREADY GOT MY CAP SET FOR HIM!



HMMPH! YOU COULD BE USING A NET AND YOU WOULDN'T WORRY ME!

WELL, JUST WATCH ME WORK ON HIM AT THE BOX LUNCH SOCIAL TOMORROW NIGHT!



SO ALAN WILL BE THERE! WELL, I'M GOING TO BRING A LUNCH TO BEAT ALL BOX LUNCHES!



THE NEXT DAY...

LET'S SEE! I'VE GOT TURKEY, HAM, CAKE, PIE, FRUIT AND NUTS! WHAT ELSE COULD I PUT IN THE LUNCH BOX?

HOW ABOUT THE KITCHEN SINK?

NOPE! IT WOULD BE TOO HEAVY!



AT THE SOCIAL THAT NIGHT...

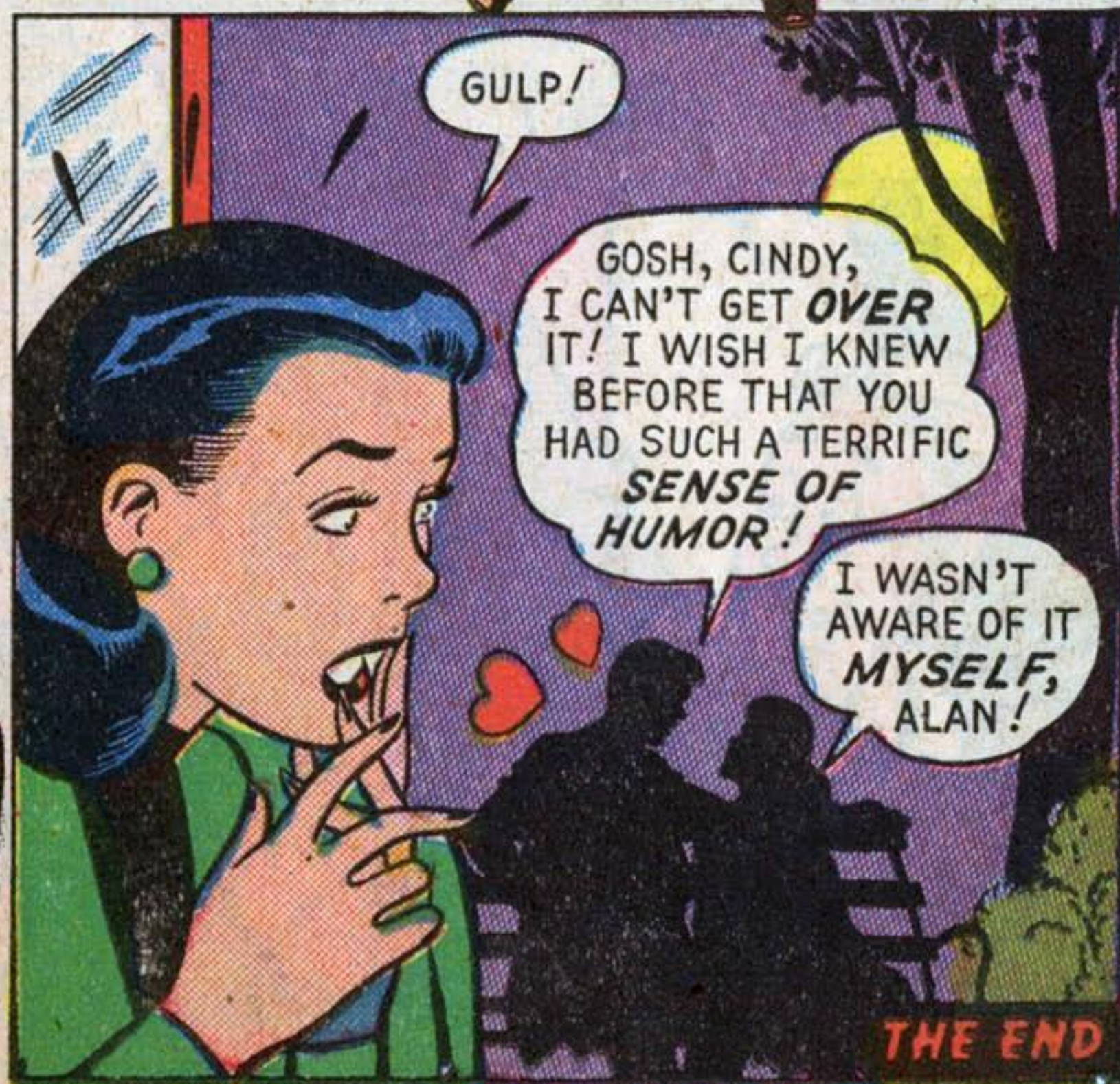
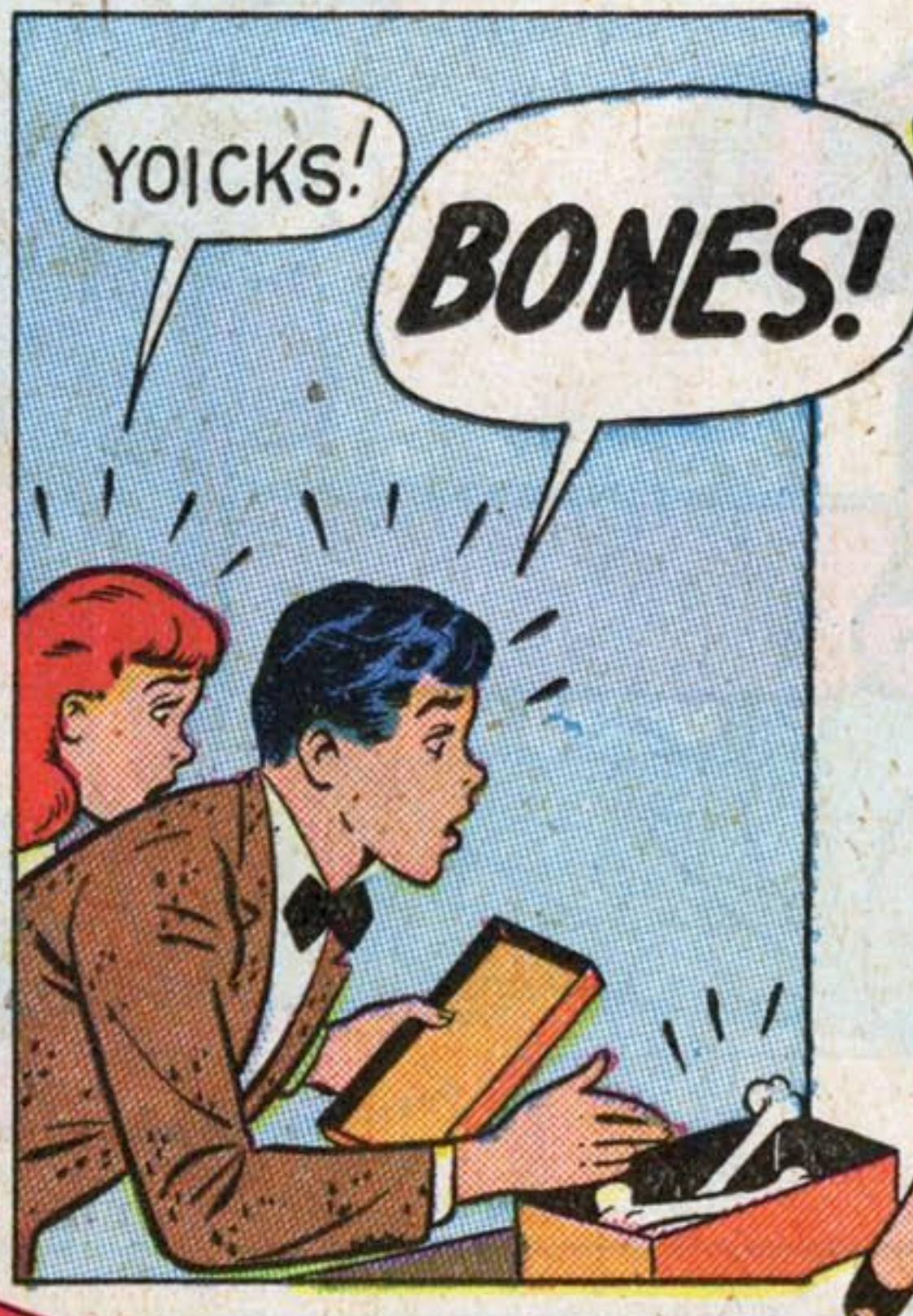
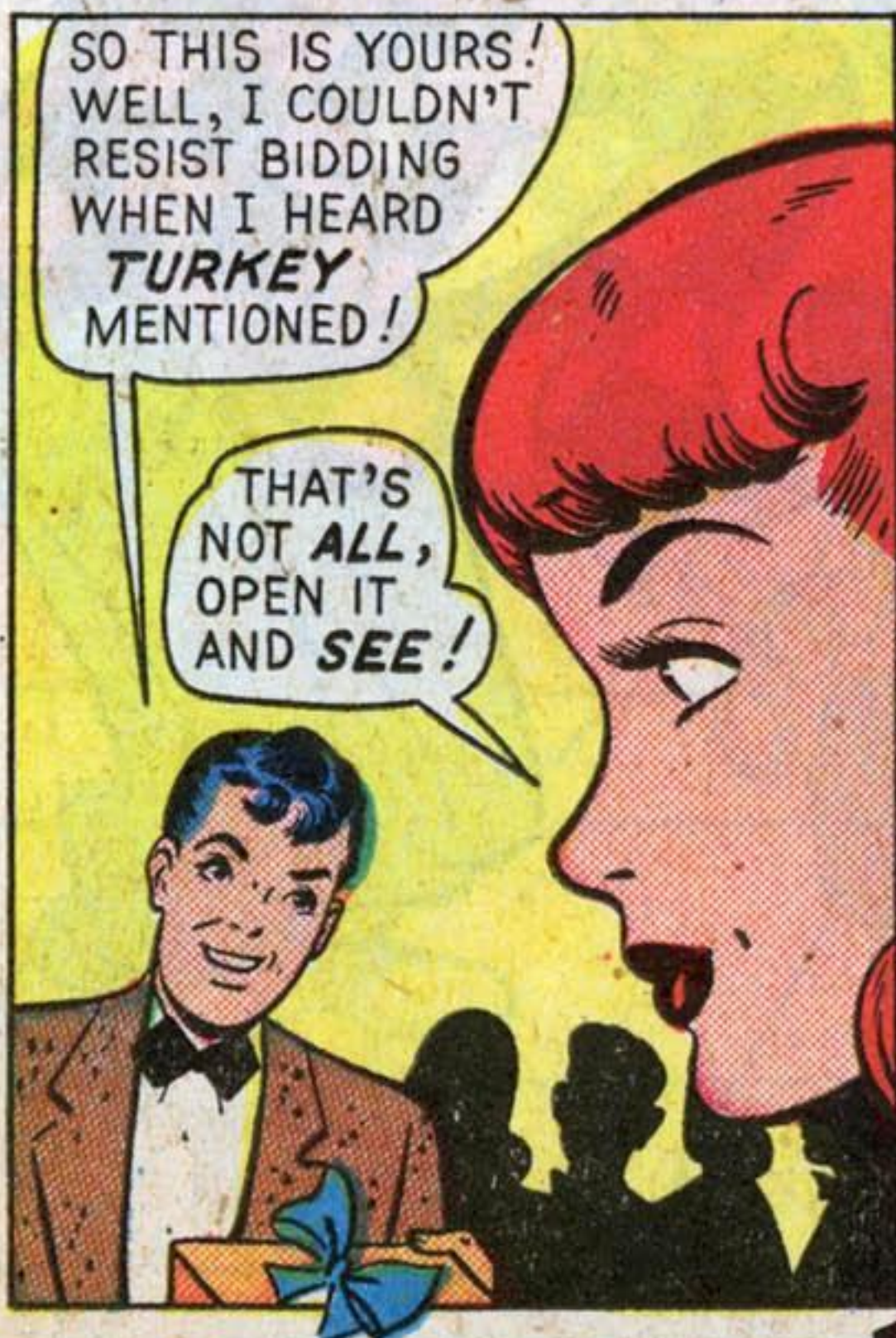
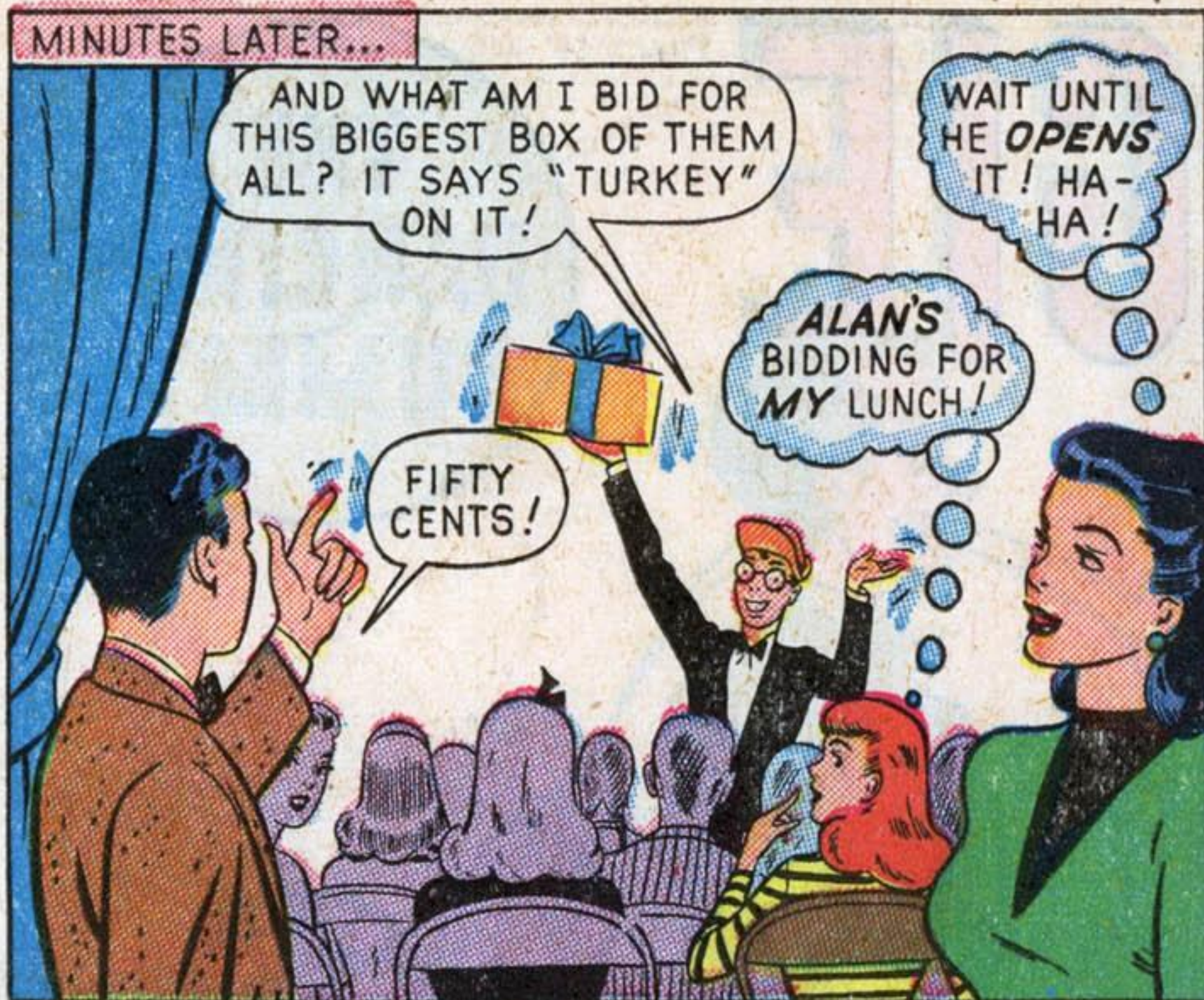
I'LL PUT MINE WITH THE OTHERS! I JUST HOPE ALAN BIDS FOR IT!

HMMM... SHE CERTAINLY MADE A BIG ONE!



BUT...

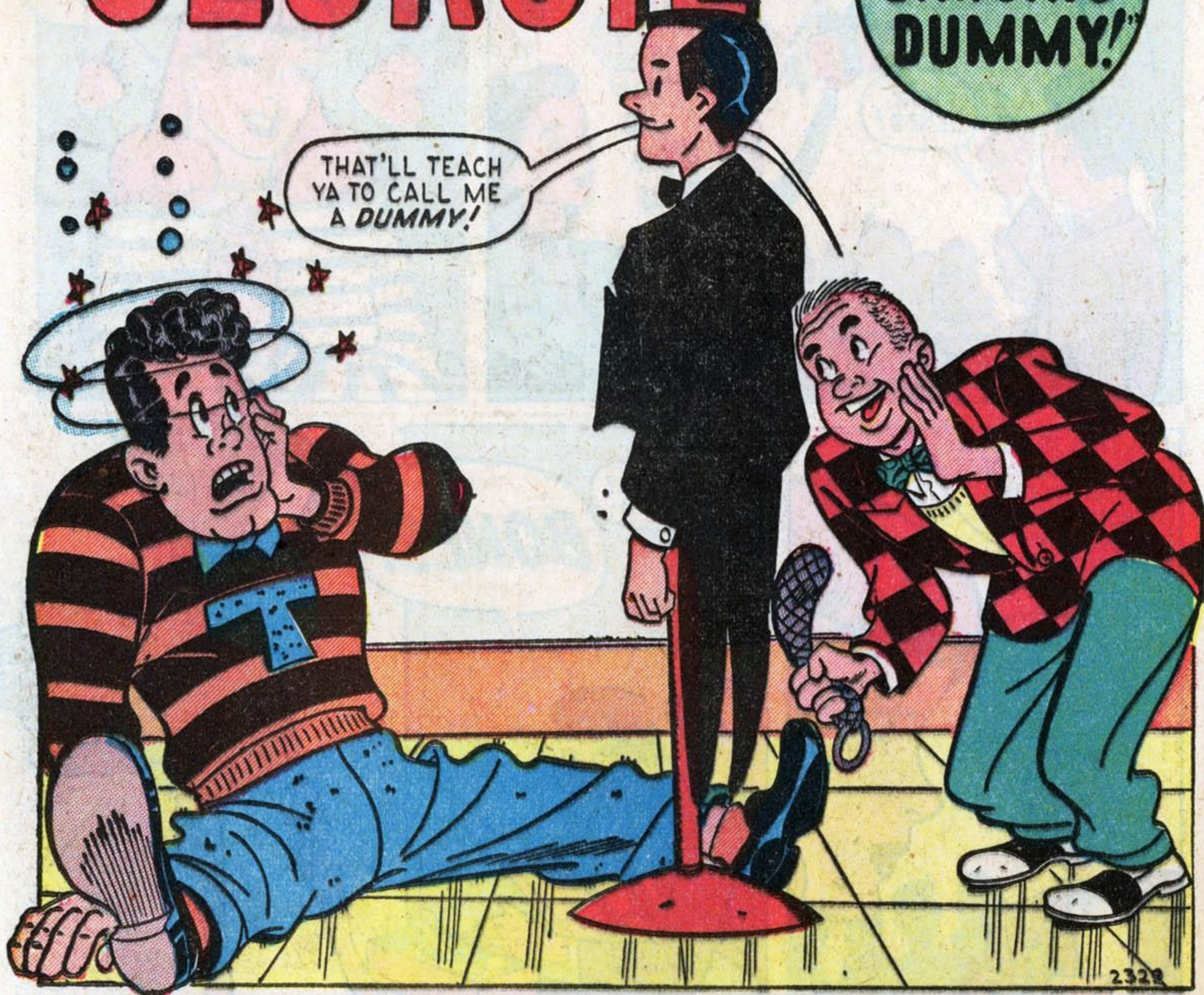
I'M TAKING NO CHANCES! I'LL JUST TAKE CINDY'S BOX AND DO A LITTLE SUBSTITUTING!



GEORGIE

IN
"THE
DANCING
DUMMY!"

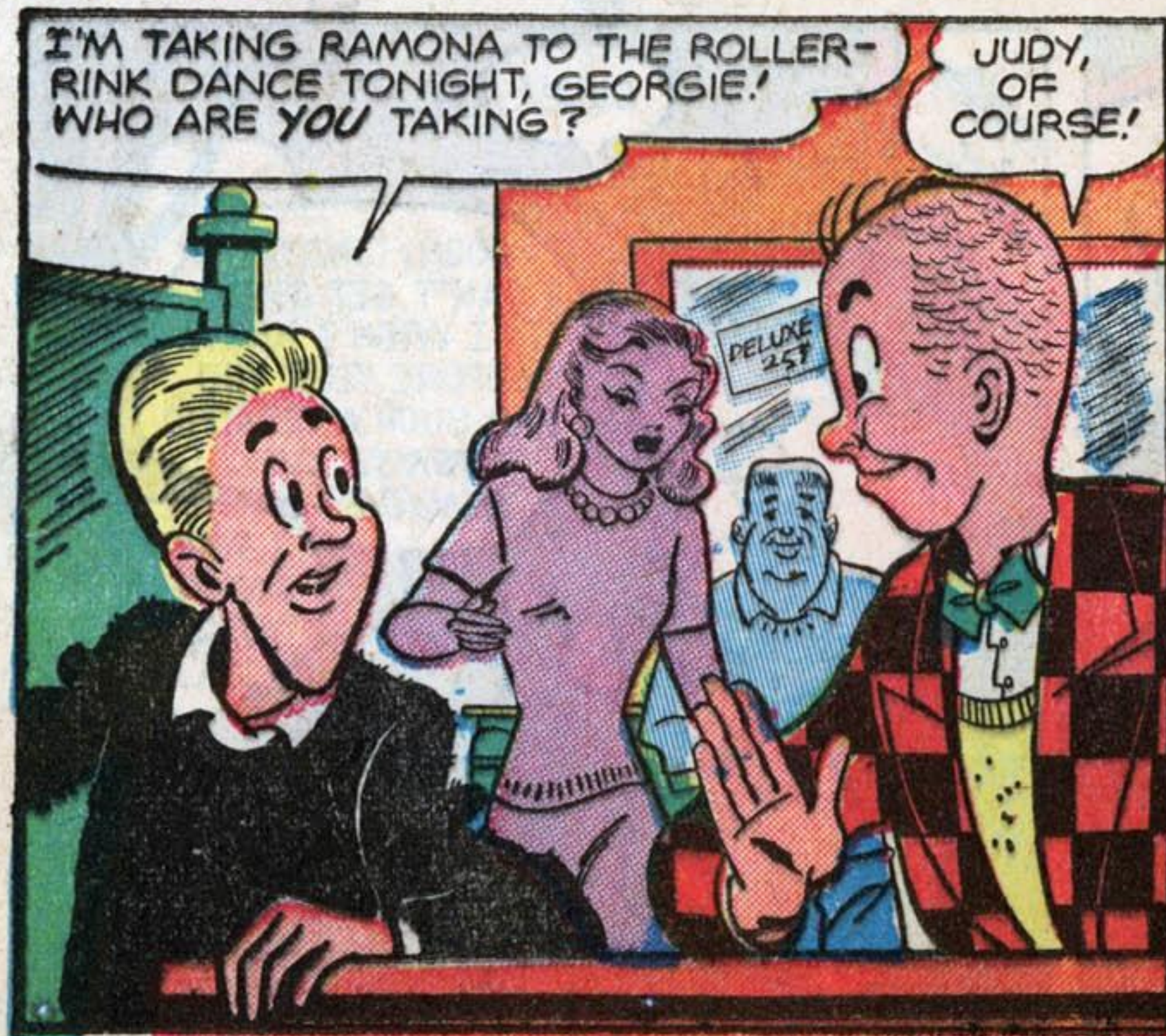
THAT'LL TEACH
YA TO CALL ME
A DUMMY!



2328

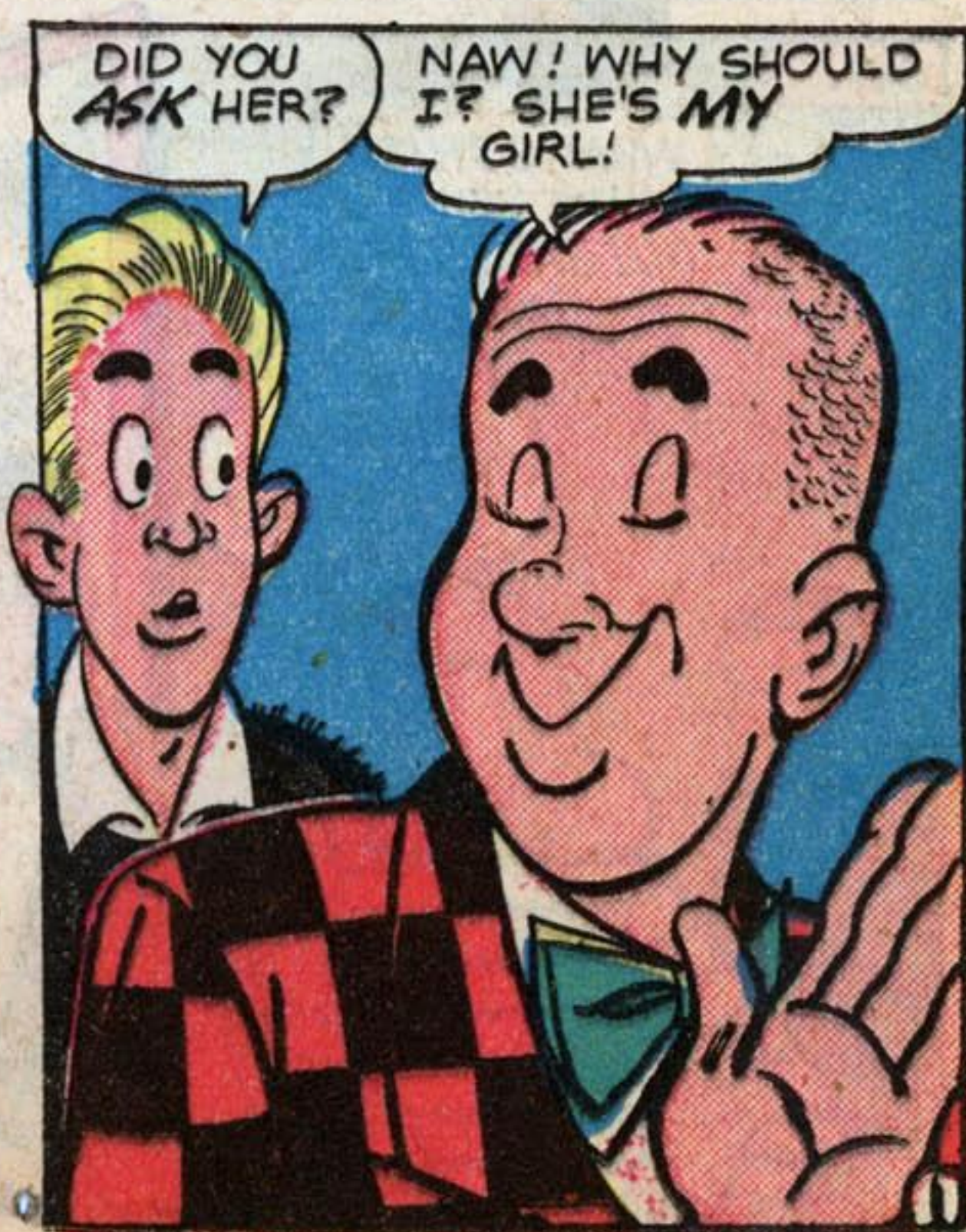
I'M TAKING RAMONA TO THE ROLLER-
RINK DANCE TONIGHT, GEORGIE!
WHO ARE YOU TAKING?

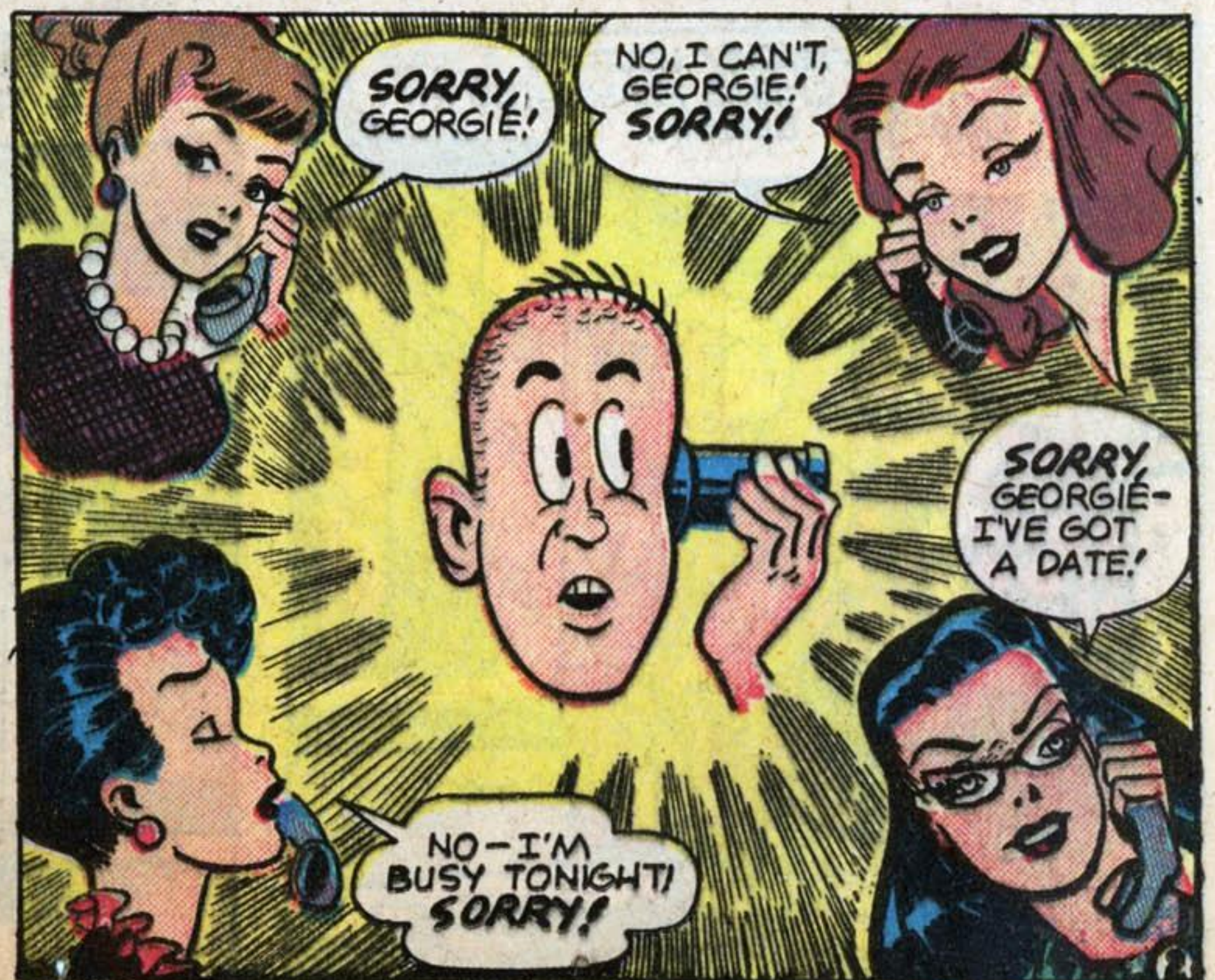
JUDY,
OF
COURSE!

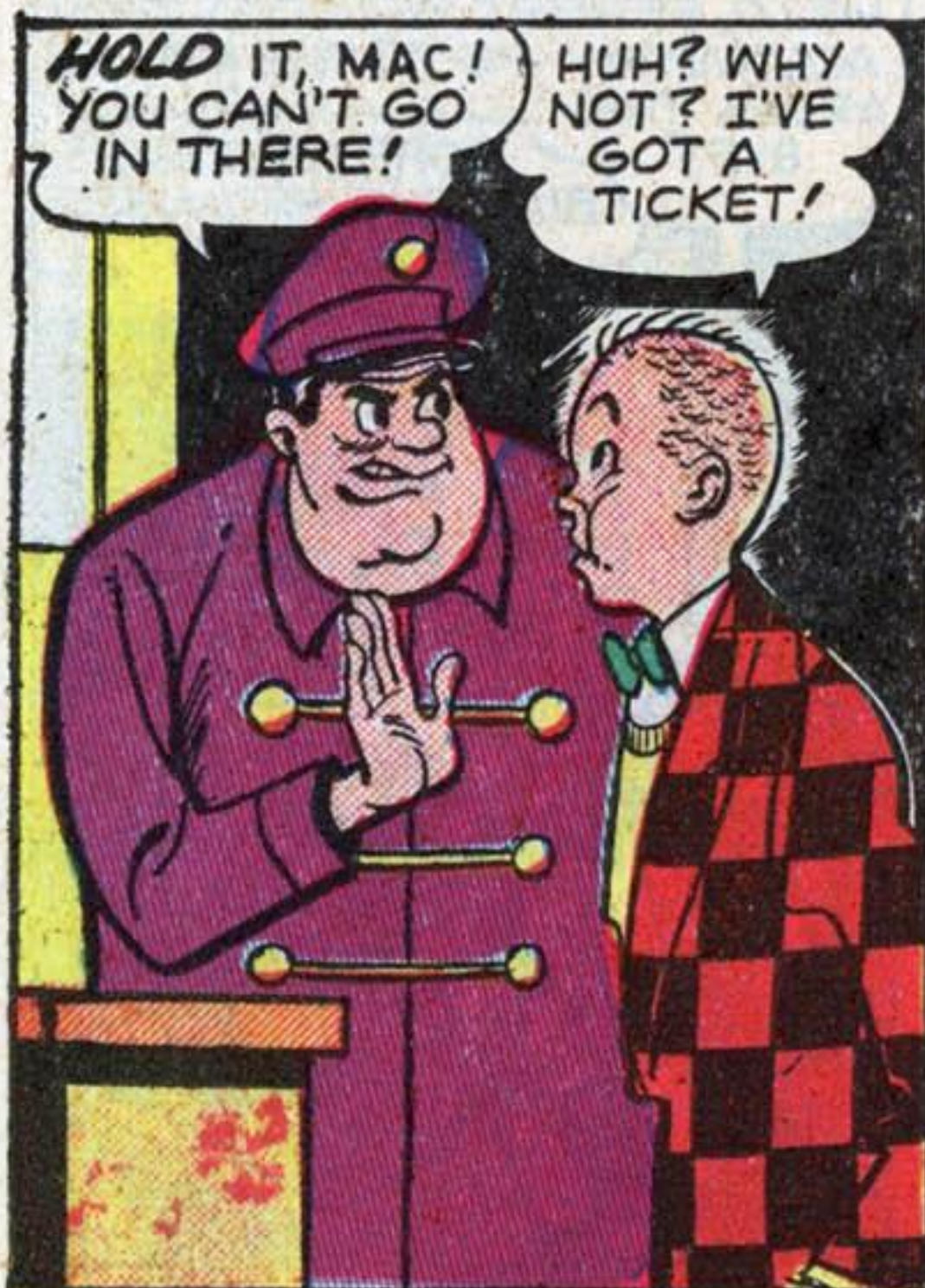


DID YOU
ASK HER?

NAW! WHY SHOULD
I? SHE'S MY
GIRL!

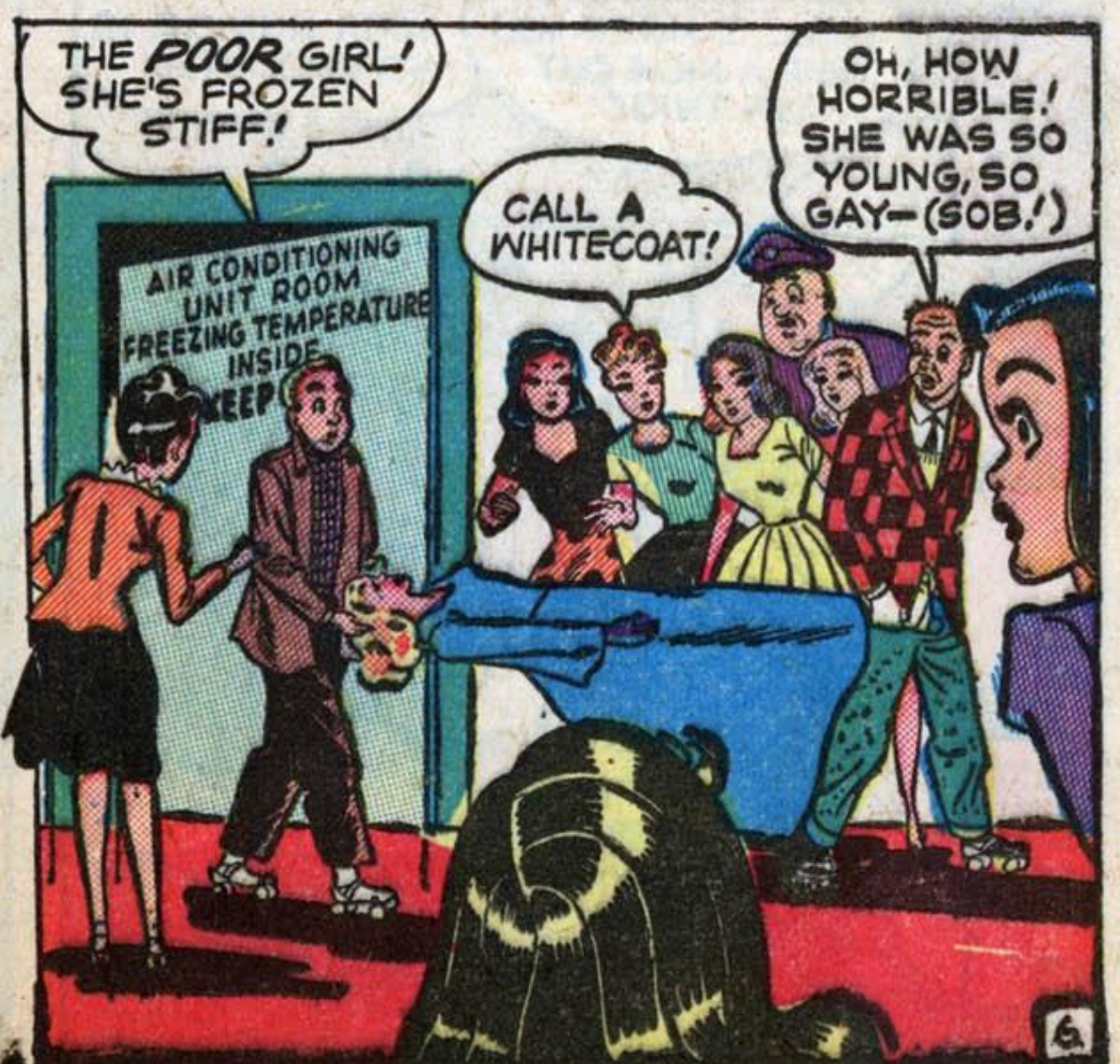
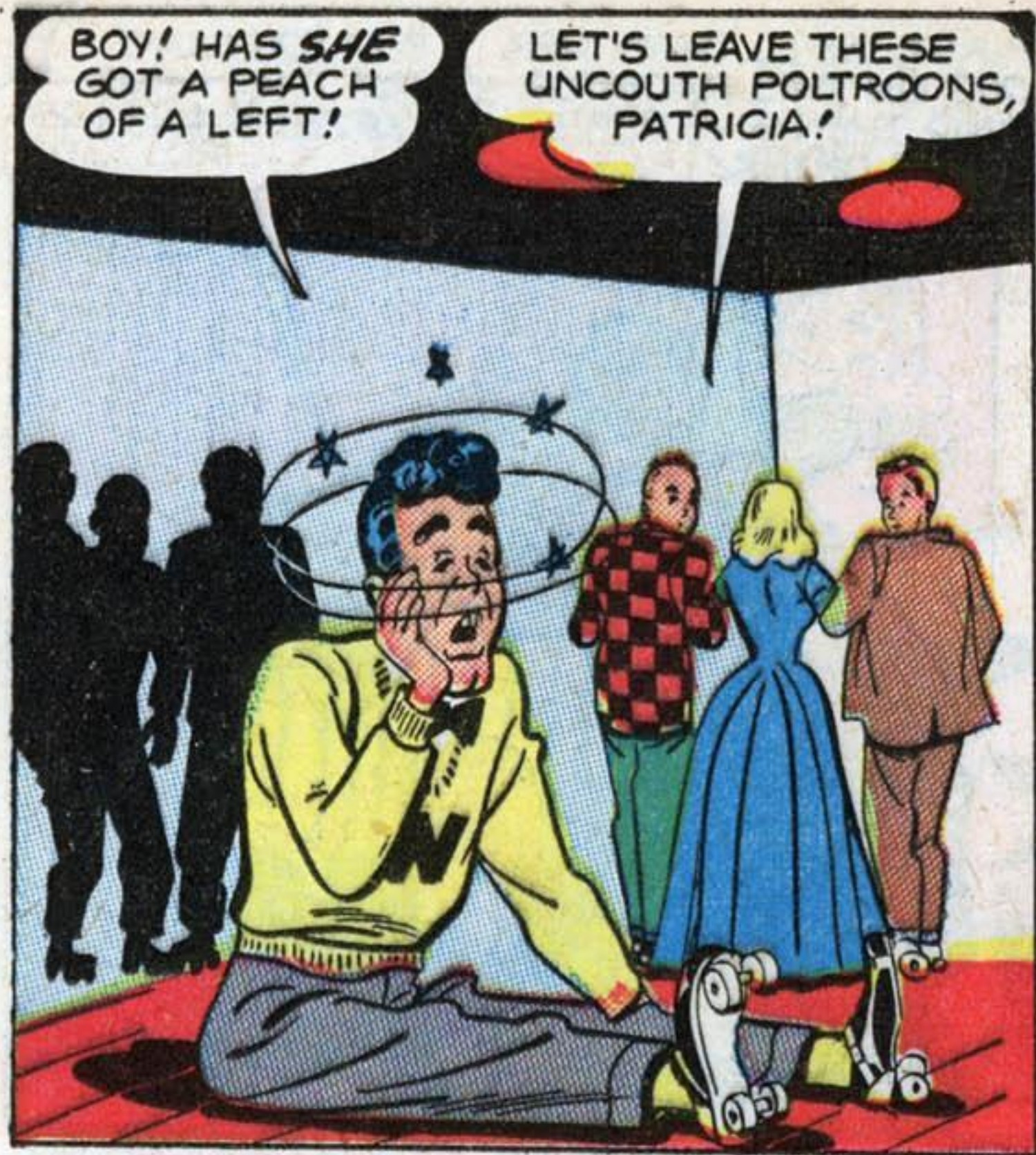


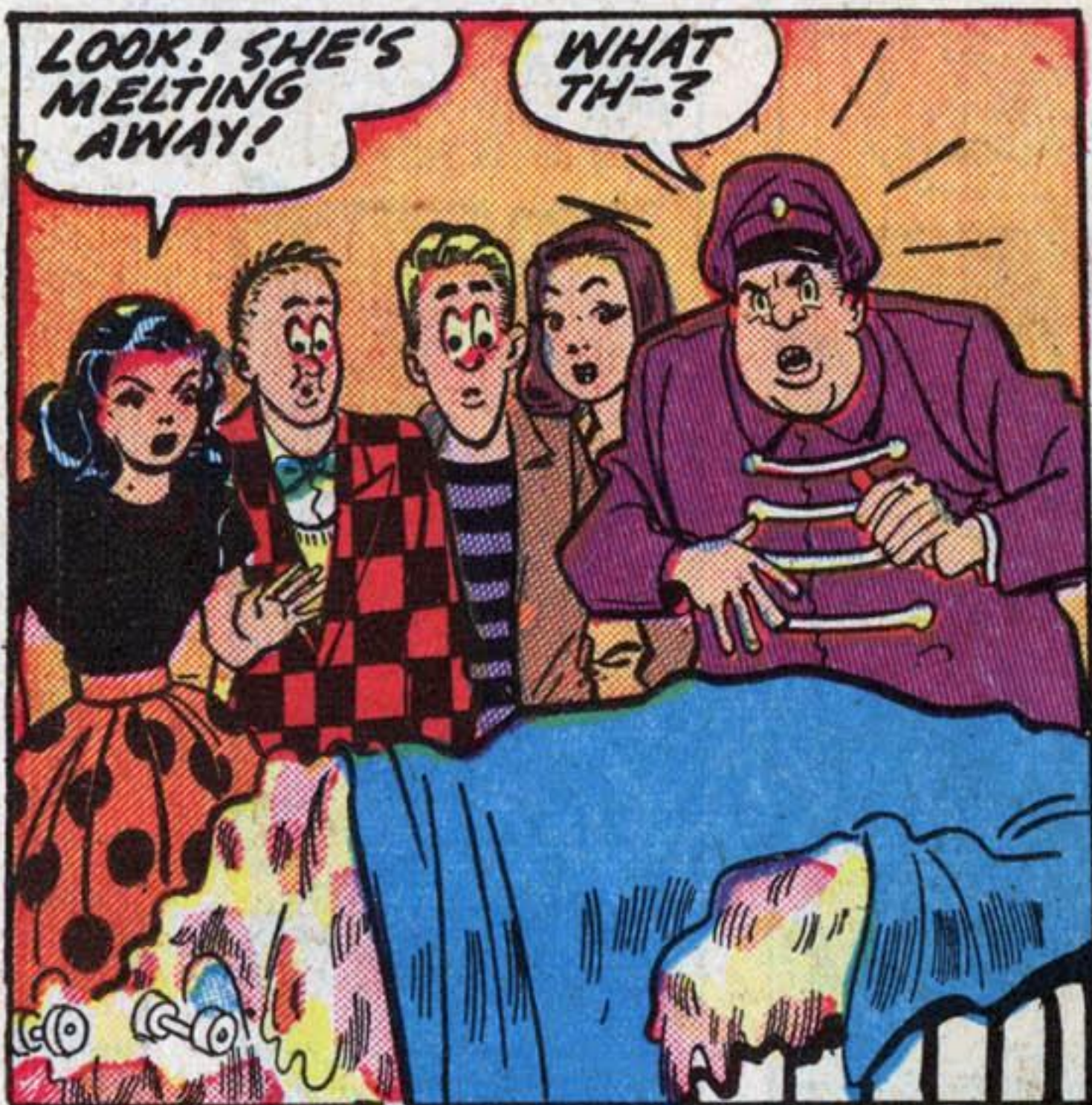
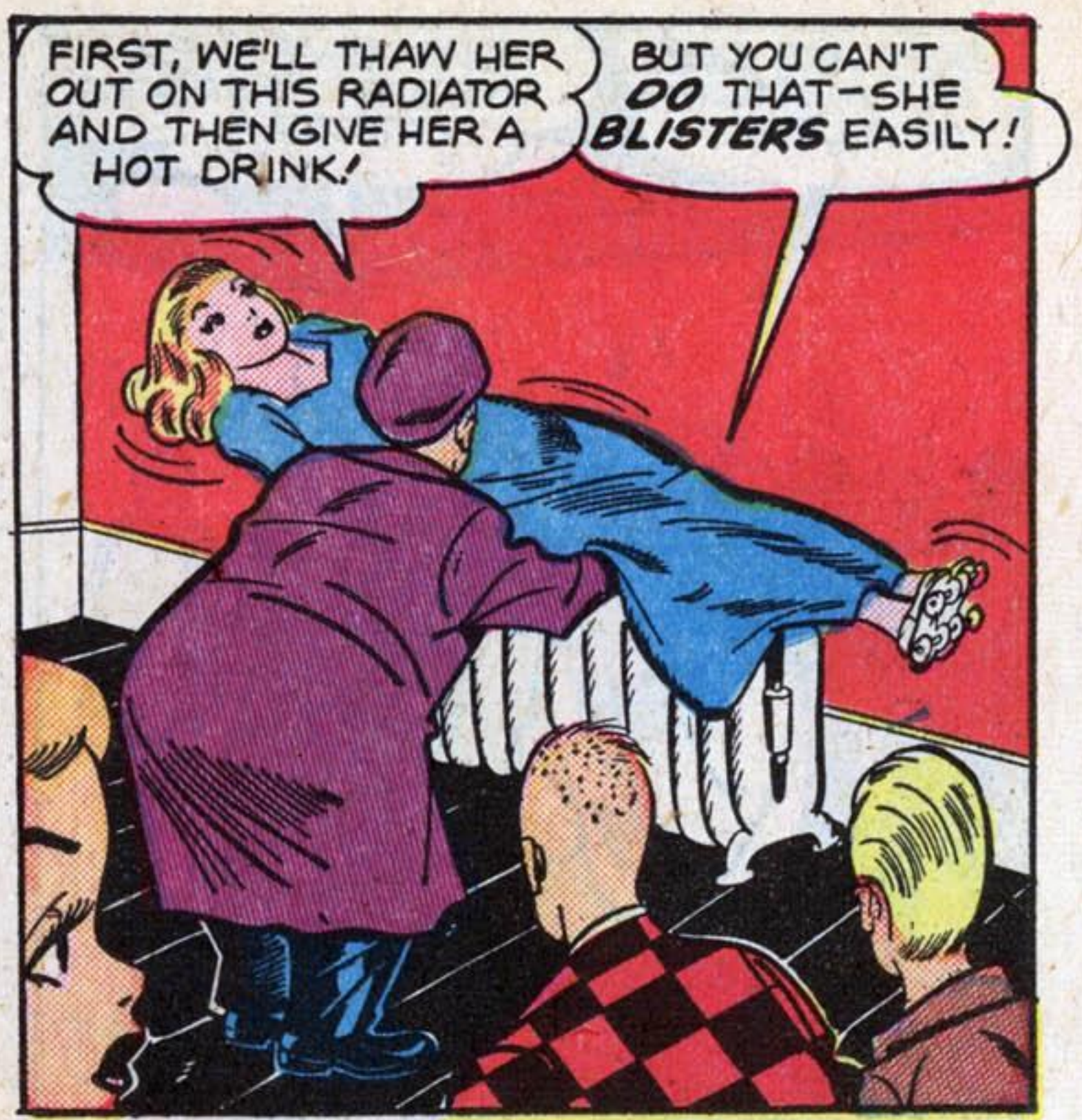


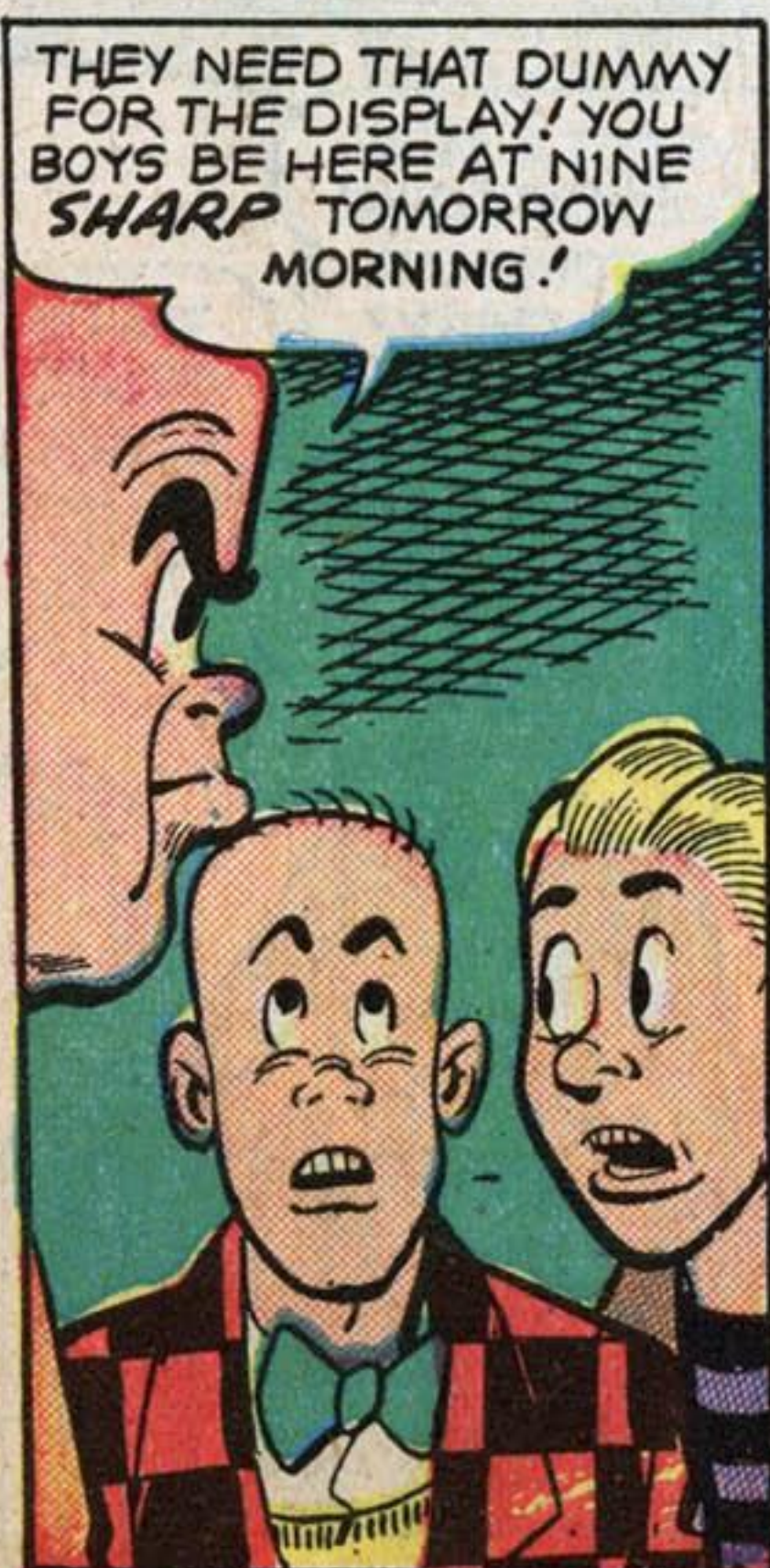












CINDY



AND I'M RENTING A **TUXEDO!**
IT'S COSTING ME A **MONTH'S ALLOWANCE**, BUT I WANT
TO LOOK REALLY **SHARP!**

WELL, JUST MAKE SURE
YOU CALL FOR ME AT
EIGHT SHARP!



OH, I'LL BE **ON TIME** ALL RIGHT!

YOU'D **BETTER**
BE! IT SEEMS TO
ME YOU WERE
FIVE MINUTES
LATE THE LAST
TIME!



DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL
BE ABLE TO SET
YOUR **WATCH**
BY ME!

SO AT
SIX P.M.!

I **HOPE SO!**
I **DON'T PUT**
UP WITH
TARDINESS!
'BYE FOR NOW!



I'M NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES OF BEING
LATE TONIGHT!



HEY, MOM, WHERE'S
THE **TUX**
I ORDERED?

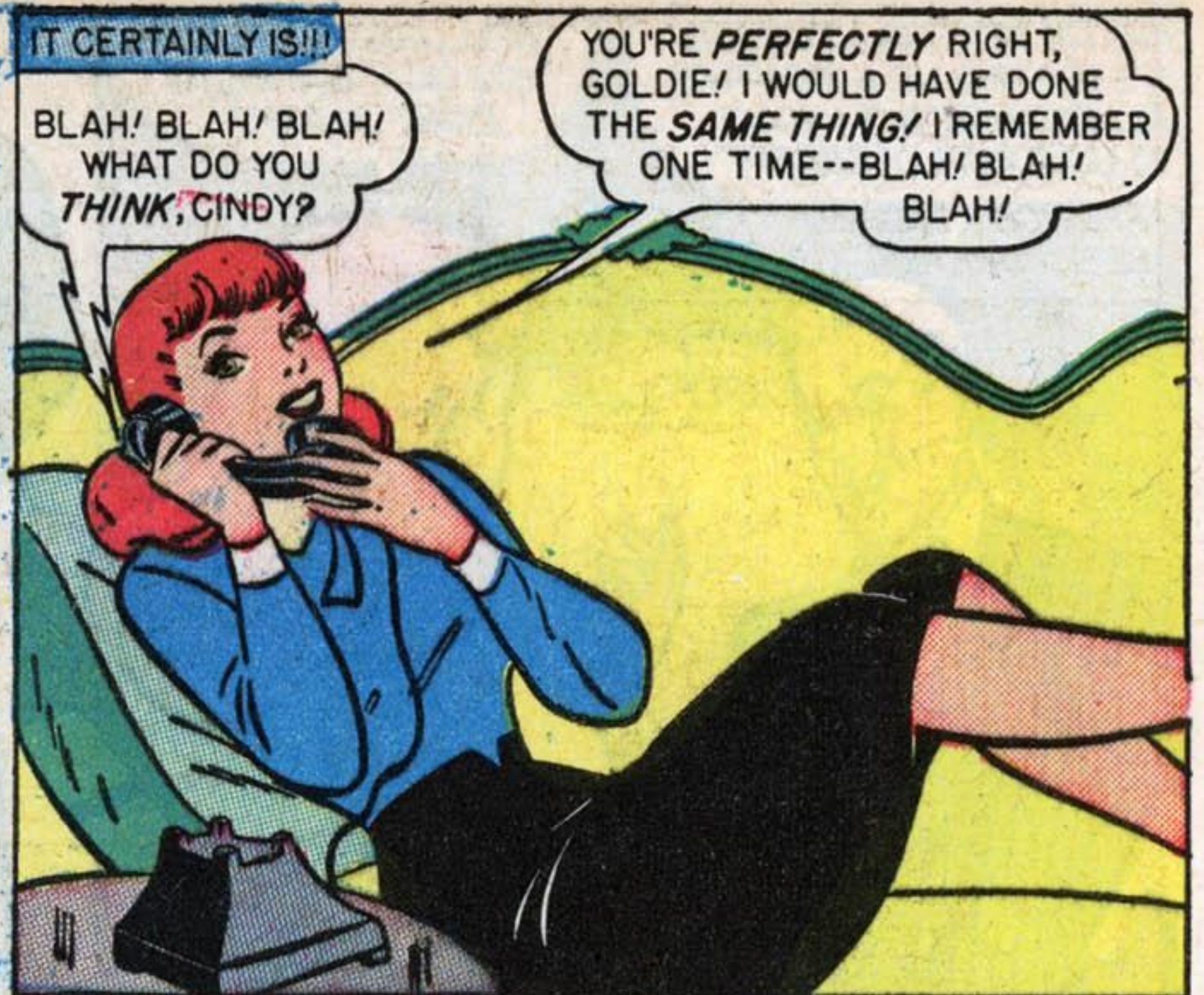
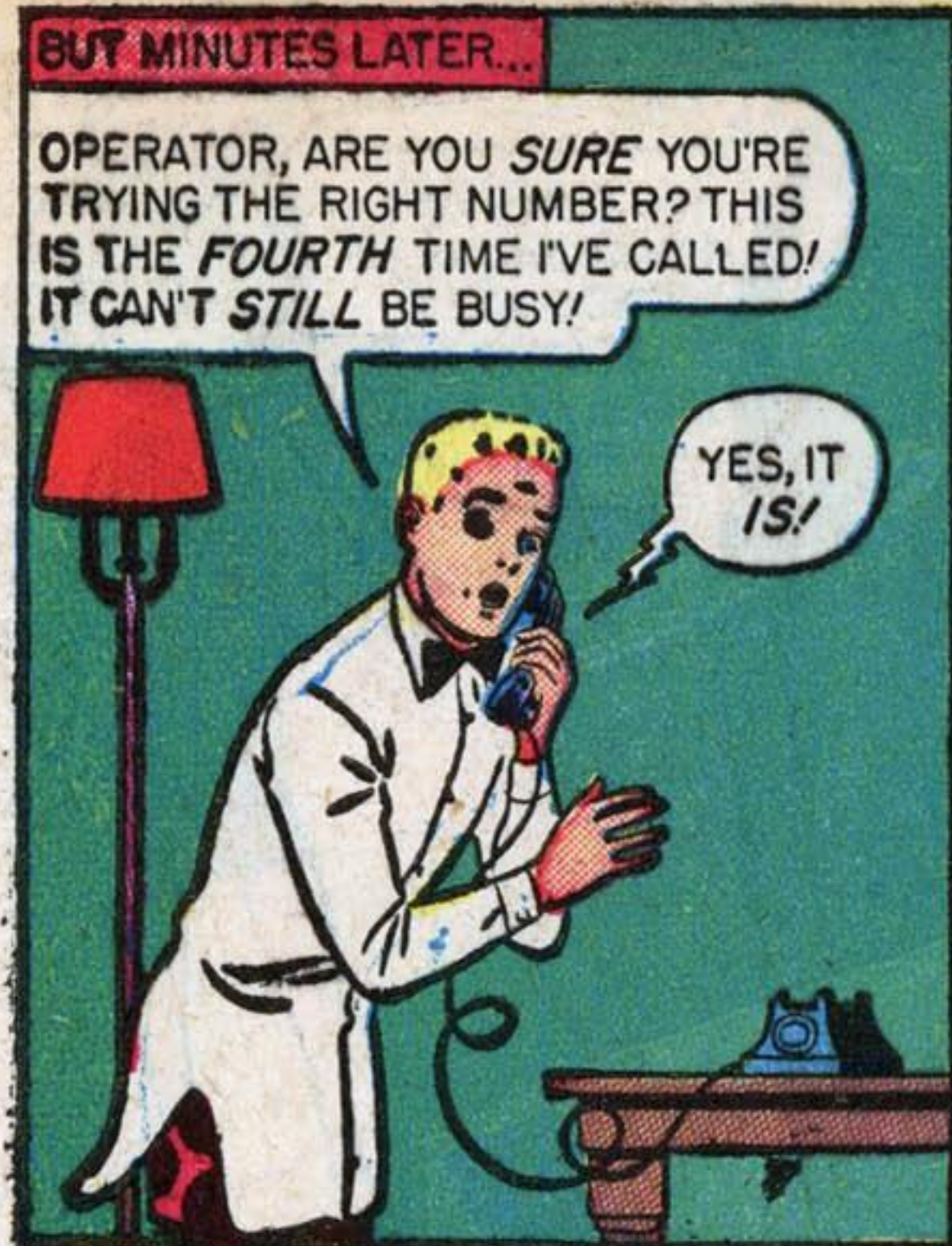
THEY PHONED TO
SAY IT WOULD BE
DELAYED!

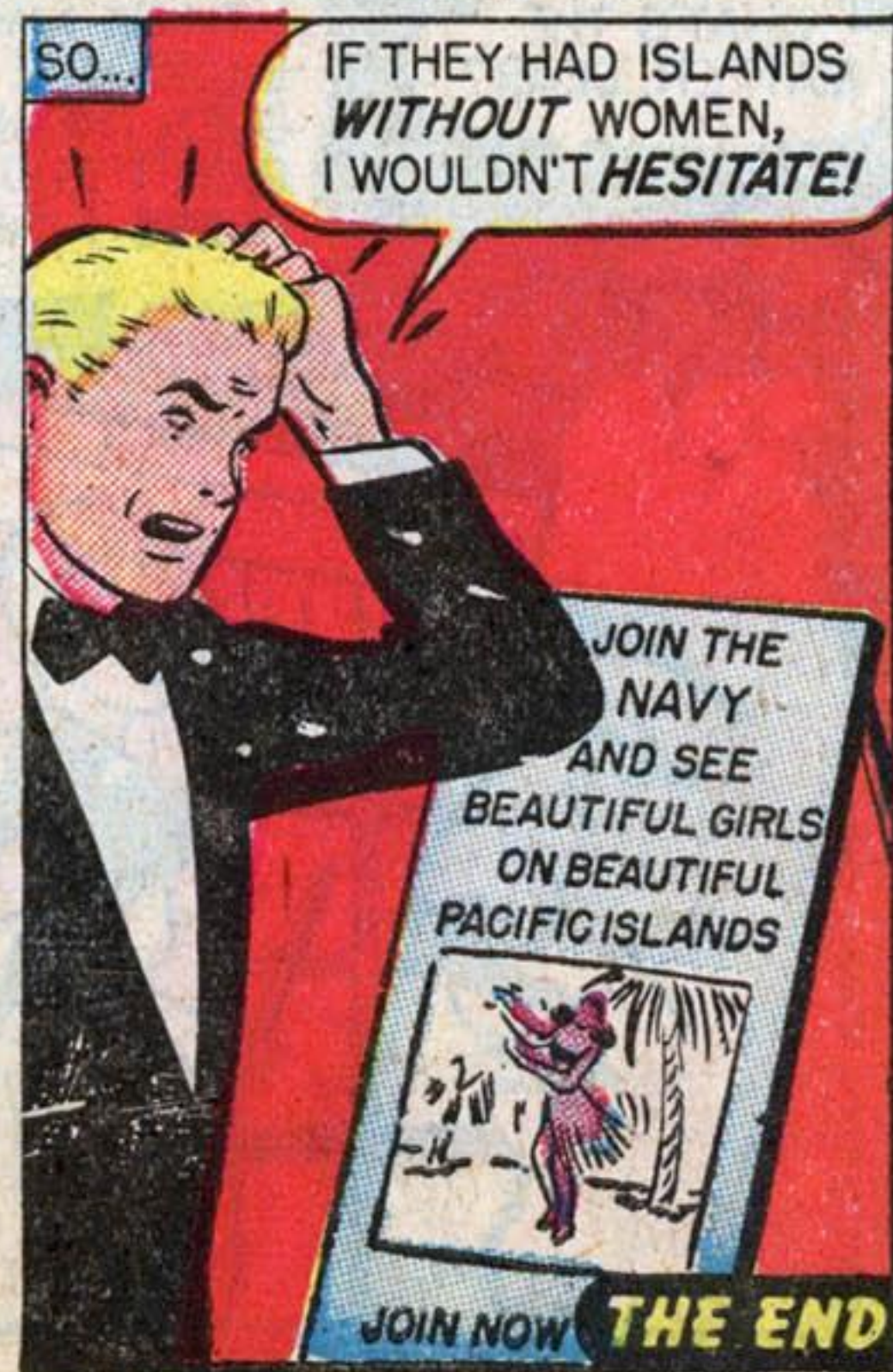
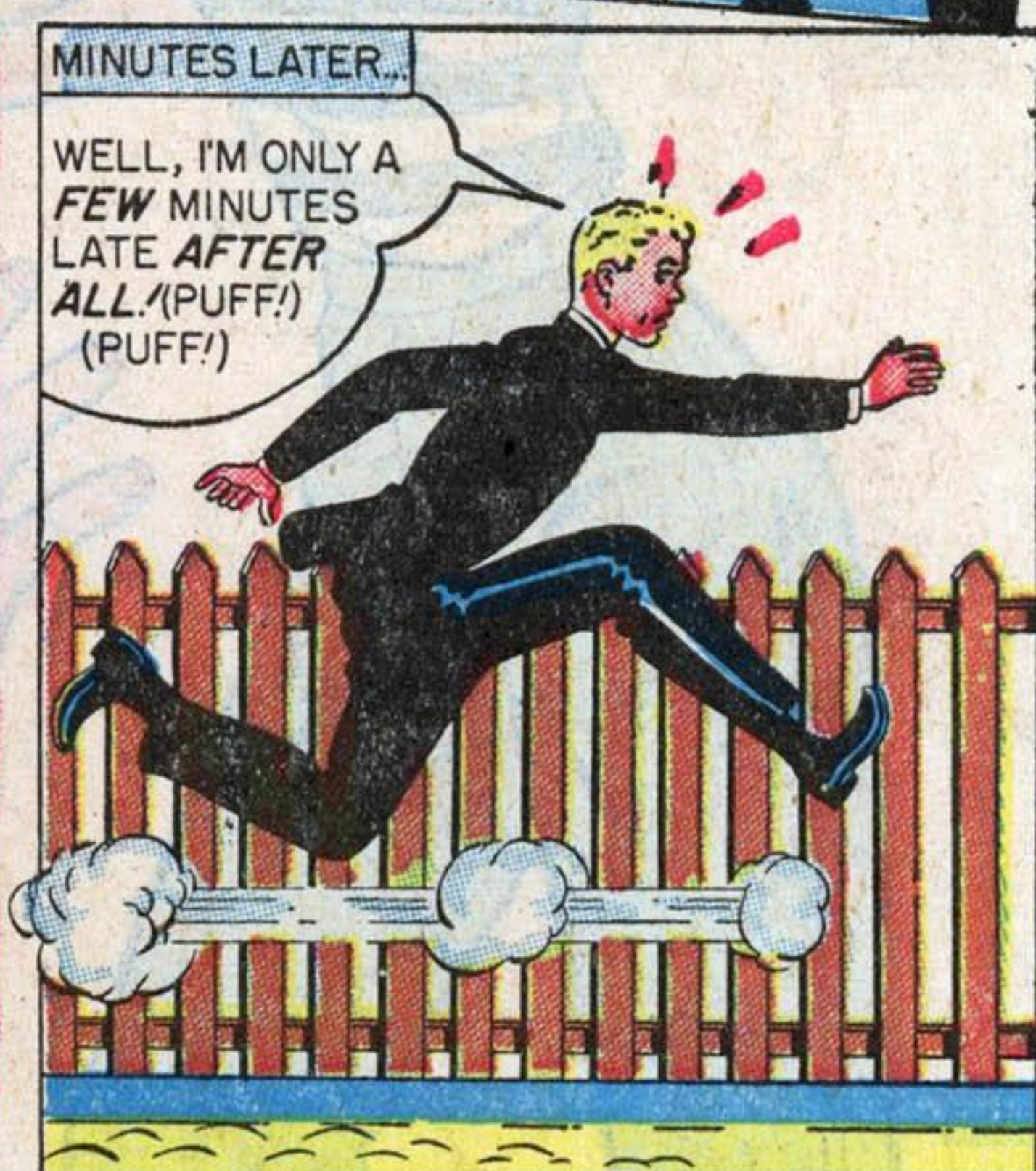
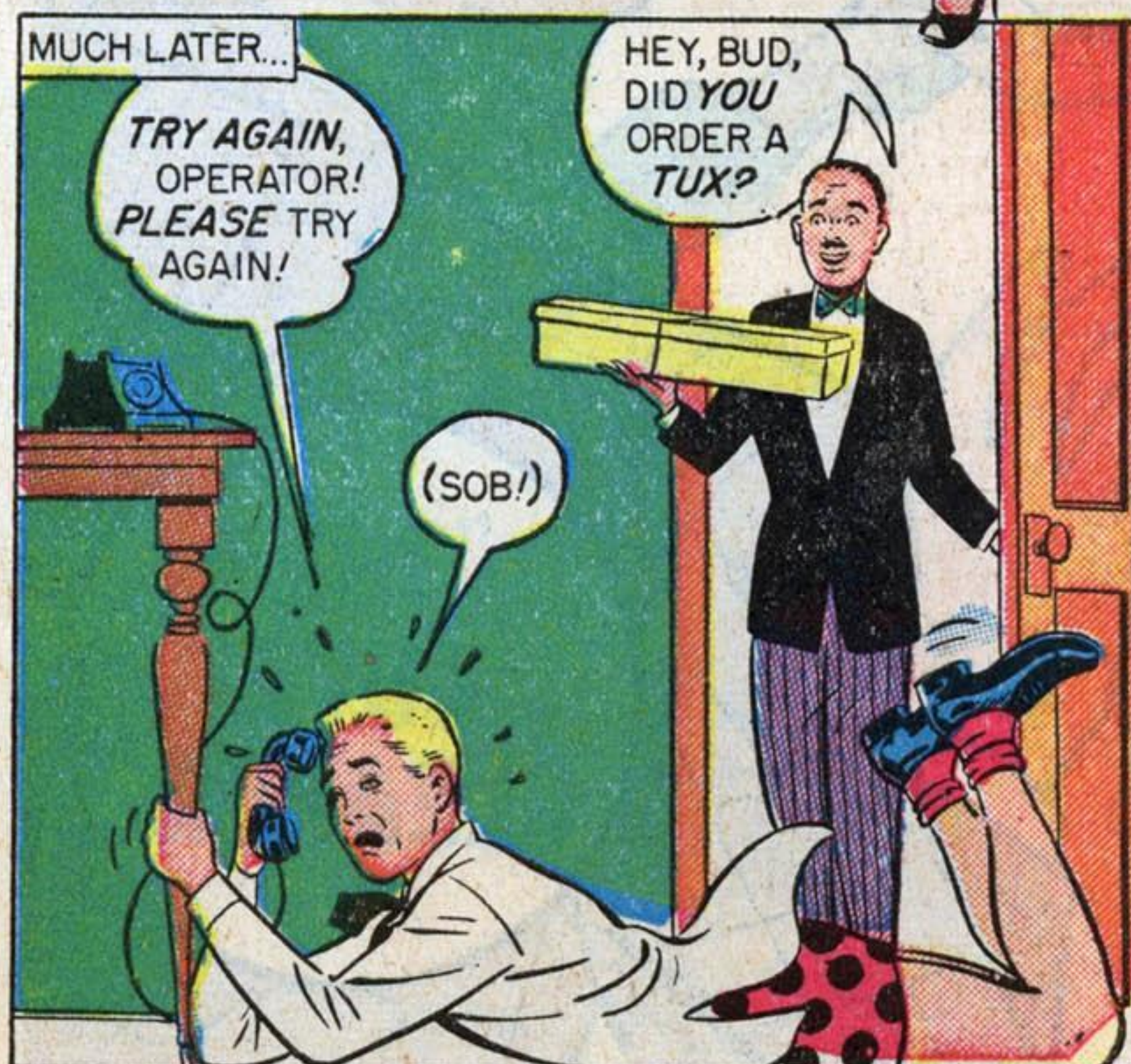
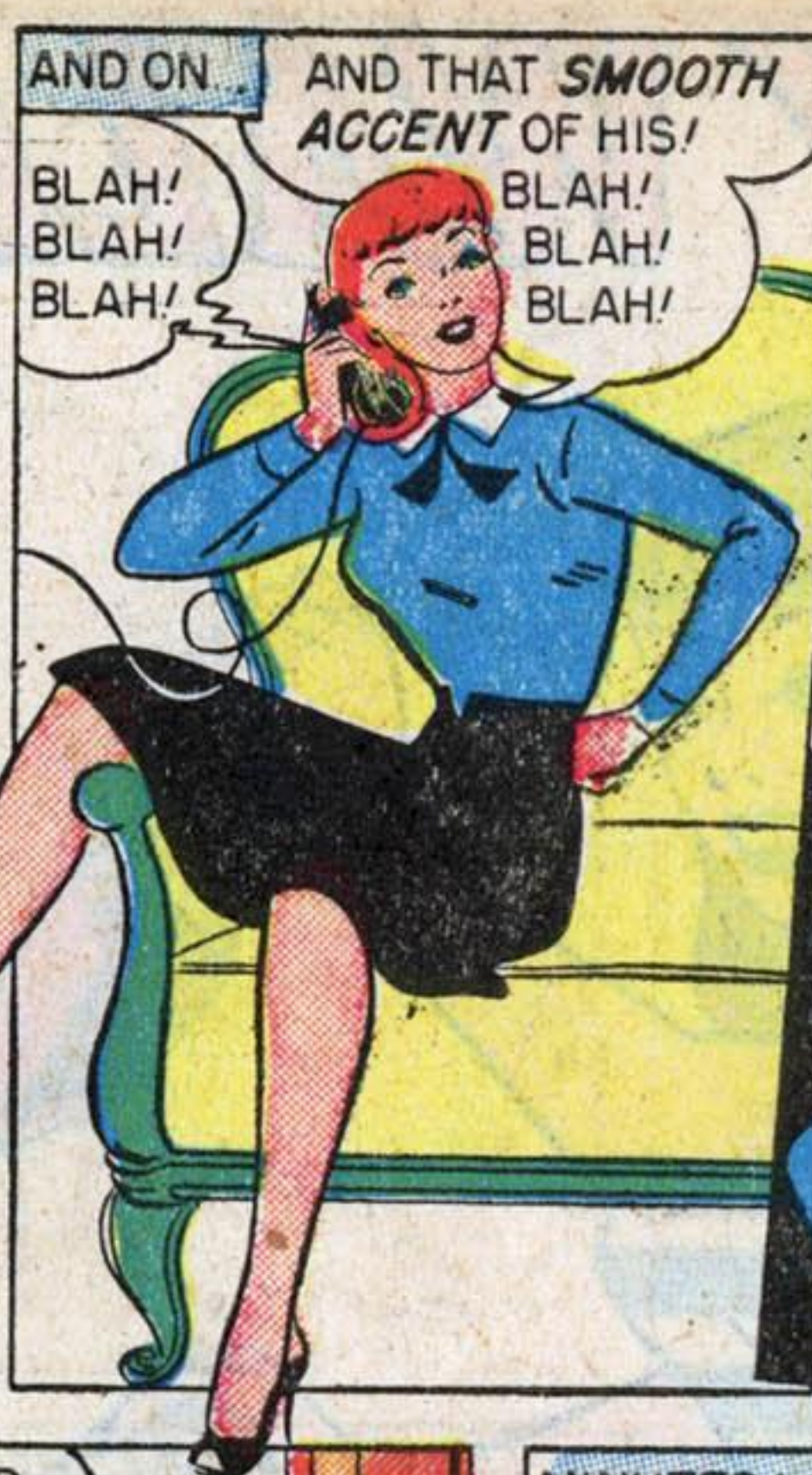
THEY PROMISED
THEY'D HAVE IT
HERE BY **EIGHT**
THOUGH!

OH, MY GOSH!
THAT WILL
MAKE ME
LATE
GETTING TO
GINDY'S!

I'D BETTER
PHONE AND
TELL
HER!







PATSY WALKER

DADDY, LOOK! ONE OF YOUR SLIPPERS IS **RED** AND THE OTHER'S **BLUE**— AND YOU HAVE **ANOTHER** PAIR **JUST LIKE** THEM!



2795

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR?

I THINK I WRENCHED MY BACK! THE GIRL WHO DOES THE HOUSEWORK DIDN'T SHOW UP, AND I GUESS I OVERDID IT!

WHY CAN'T OUR LITTLE PRIMA DONNA, PATSY, HELP YOU? SHE CERTAINLY IS **OLD ENOUGH** TO PITCH IN AND **HELP!**

SHE HAS A **DATE** THIS AFTERNOON, DEAR! I'D HATE TO ASK HER TO BREAK IT!





DID I HEAR SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?

YOU CERTAINLY **DID!** WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



I HAVE A DATE WITH THE GANG DOWN AT THE SWEET SHOPPE! WE'RE GOING TO PLAN A CHARITY PARTY!

WELL, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME! **YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BROOM!** WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME AND HELP YOUR MOTHER FOR A CHANGE?



B-BUT, DADDY! I SIMPLY **MUST** BE THERE! WHAT WILL **BUZZ** THINK?

SO! YOU'RE ONLY WORRIED ABOUT WHAT **BUZZ** WILL THINK! DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU WHAT I THINK? OR YOUR **POOR MOTHER?**



HI! HEY! WHAT **GIVES?** REHEARSING FOR A **PLAY?** HURRY, WE'RE **LATE!**

I...I...CAN'T GO, NANCY!

LATER...



DADDY'S ON THE WARPATH! AND YOU KNOW HOW **HE** IS WHEN HE GETS STUBBORN! AND, ANYWAY, I REALLY **SHOULD** HELP MOTHER!

BUT WHAT WILL I TELL THE GANG, AND **BUZZ**? YOU'RE THE CHAIRMAN!



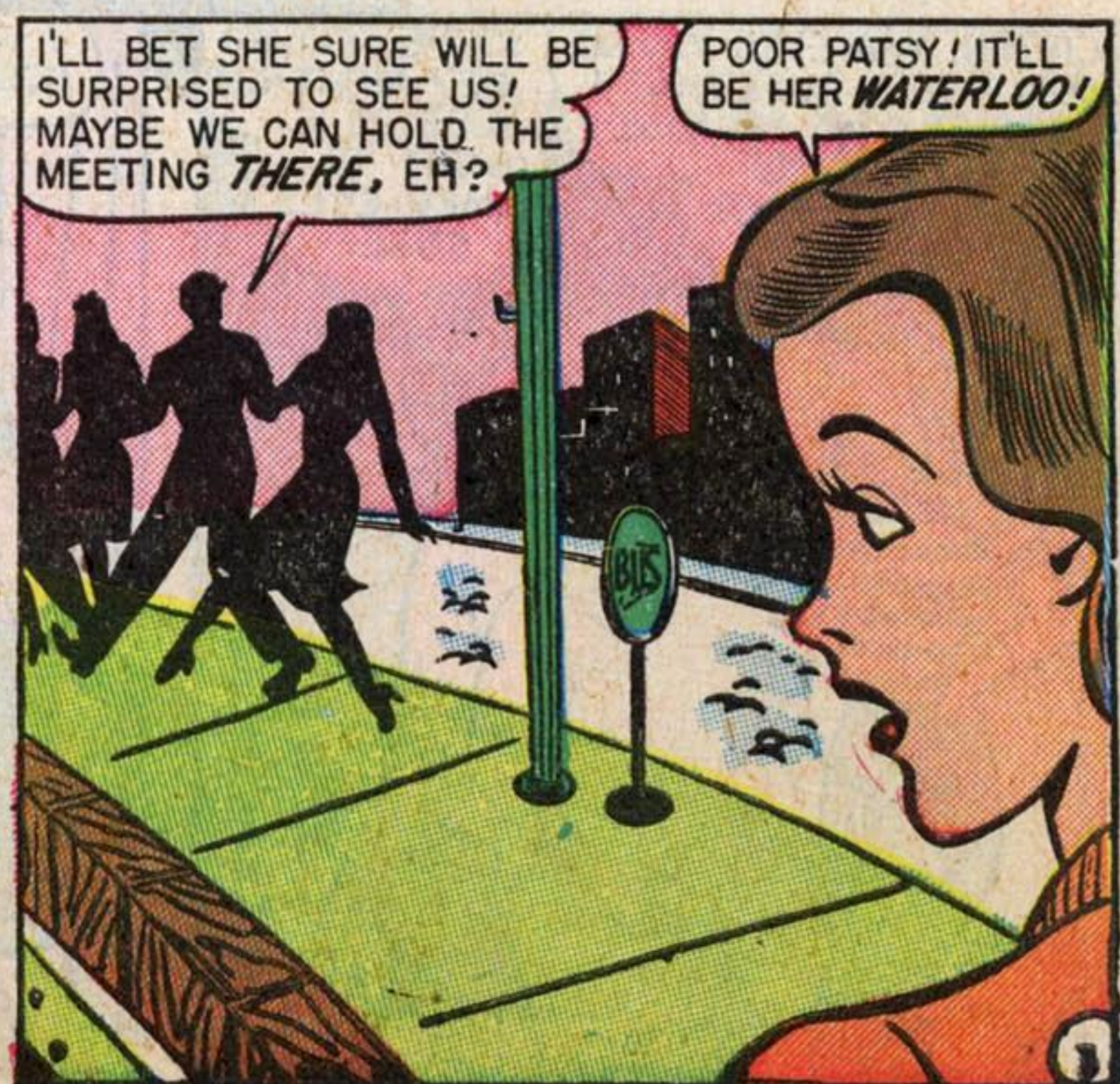
LISTEN, WHATEVER YOU DO, **DON'T** TELL **BUZZ** THAT I COULDN'T COME BECAUSE I HAD TO DO **HOUSE CLEANING!** IT'S SO UNGLAMOROUS!

YOU'RE TELLING **ME!** RIGHT NOW YOU'D BE A SIGHT TO MAKE EYES SORE!



I HAVE IT! TELL HIM THAT I'M **SICK!** YES! THAT'LL SOUND **MUCH** BETTER! HE'LL FEEL SORRY FOR ME!

LEAVE IT TO ME, PATSY! I UNDERSTAND! TOODLE-OO!



MEANWHILE...

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, DADDY?

MY PIPE - IT WAS HERE AN HOUR AGO!

OH, *THAT* OLD THING! IT SMELLED SO HORRIBLY, I THREW IT OUT!

WHAT!

FOR *YEARS* I'VE BEEN BREAKING THAT PIPE IN UNTIL IT WAS *JUST RIGHT*! AND *SHE* DIDN'T LIKE THE SMELL! OH, BROTHER! WHY SHOULD IT HAPPEN TO *ME*?

NOW, STANLEY, CALM DOWN! PATSY DIDN'T KNOW! GET YOUR FATHER'S SLIPPERS, DEAR!

NOT *THOSE*, PATSY--MY *COMFORTABLE* ONES! THEY'RE UNDER THE BED!

DID YOU *HEAR*? MY FAVORITE SLIPPERS TO A *TRAMP*! SHE DIDN'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

ER..ER...I-I HOPE YOU DIDN'T WANT THAT OLD *FISHING* JUNK IN YOUR CLOSET, DADDY! BECAUSE L...L...L.

THOSE? HUMPH... THEY WERE SO MANGLED I GAVE THEM TO A TRAMP! NOW MY DADDY CAN WEAR HIS *NEW* SLIPPERS!

IT'S A FOUL *PLOT*, I TELL YOU! A PLOT TO DRIVE ME *INSANE*! MY WONDERFUL FISHING OUTFIT! IT'S MORE THAN FLESH CAN *STAND*!

WELL, IT WAS *YOUR* IDEA TO HAVE HER HELP ME!

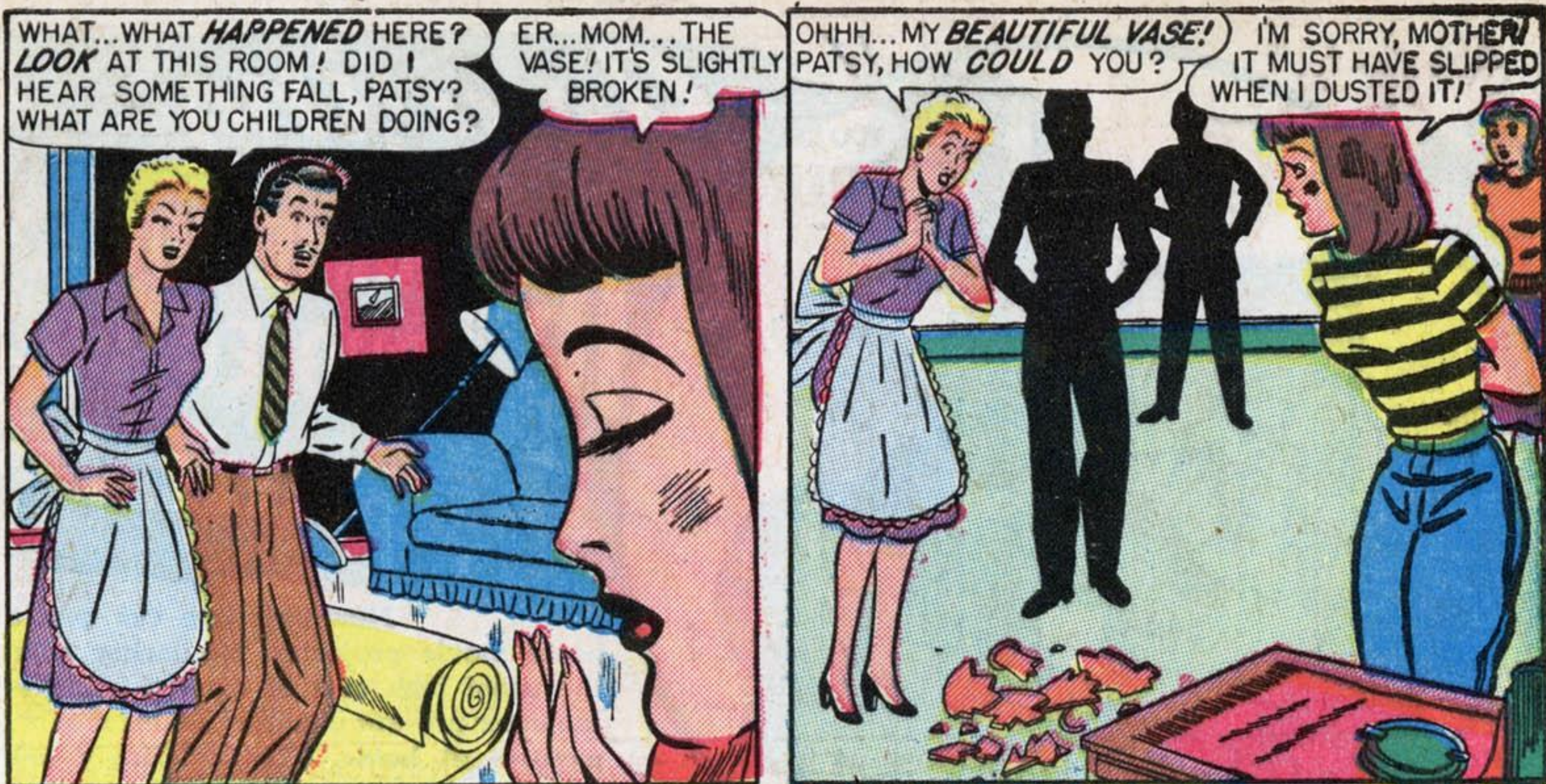
GRRRRR...

ANSWER THE DOOR, PATSY!

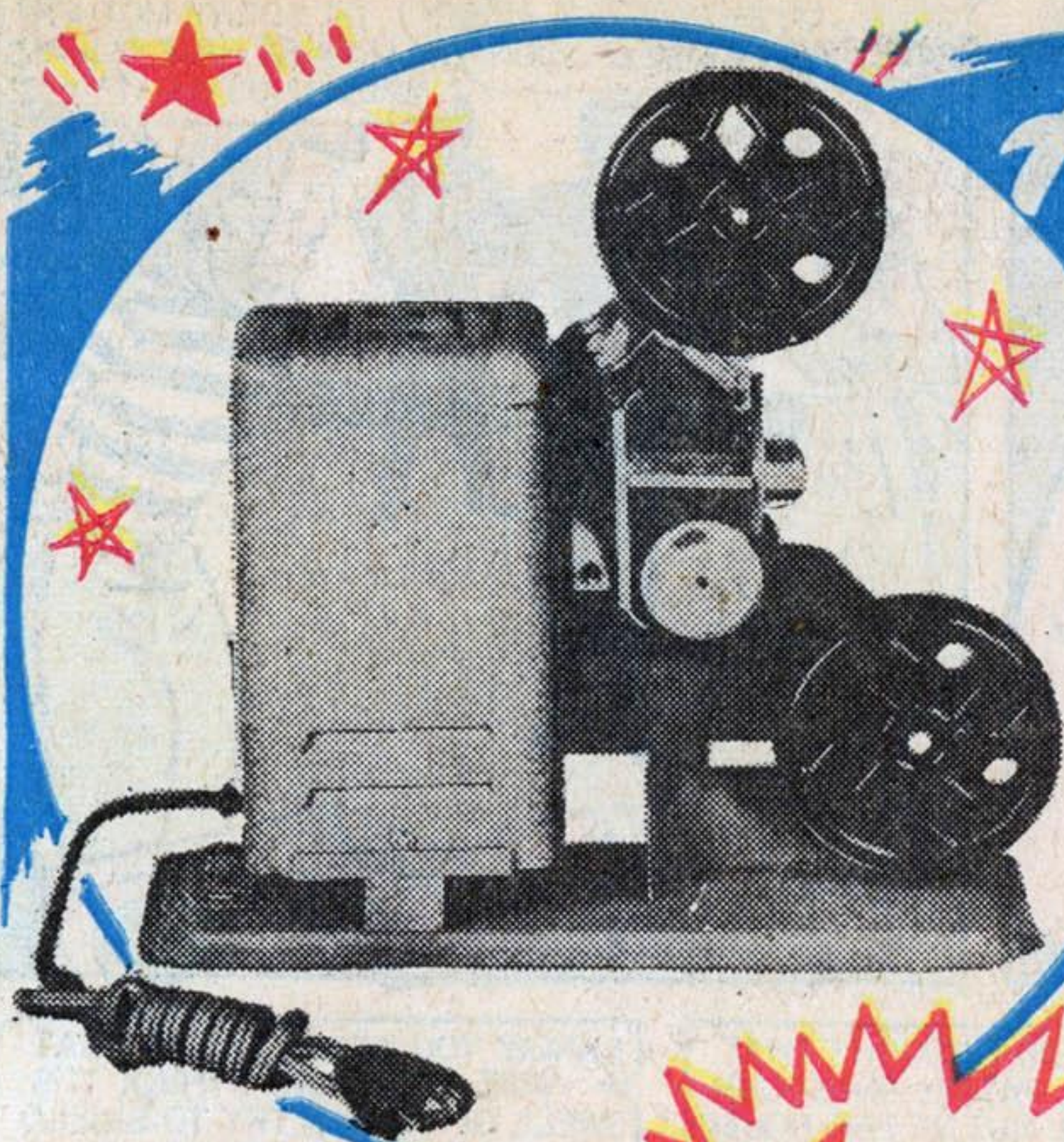
RING!

WHEW / SAVED BY THE BELL!





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MAIL MART INC., Dept. **PH-120**
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

- ☐ Send Projector, I enclose \$1. On delivery I will pay postman \$5.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$6.98, saving postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

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- ☐ Send Heater C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$6.98 plus postage.
☐ Send Heater postpaid. I enclose \$6.98.

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City, Zone, State _____

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No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.



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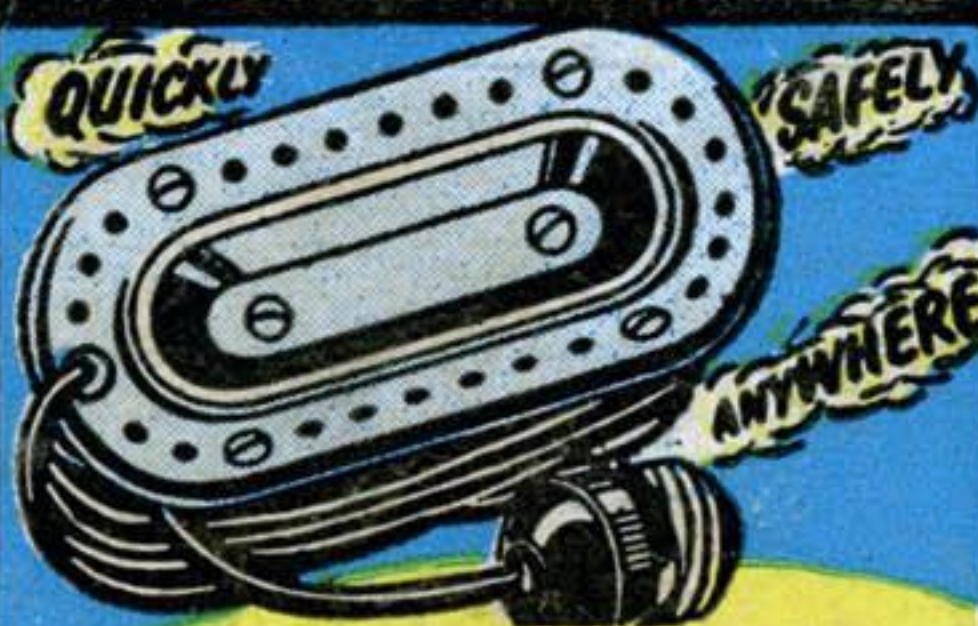


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A Real Money-Maker for You... Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because everyone wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's easy to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

JUKE BOX BANK



\$1.98 Post Paid Complete With Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in Slot and Press-In! **JUKE BOX** BLAZES WITH LIGHT AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise to Be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Ala., Dept. JB 49